The Pacific, A Weekly Religious and Family Paper, was first issued in August 1851. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "The Publishing Company of The Pacific"—an Incorporated Company, in the interest of the Congregational churches of the Western Coast. The Directors for 1893 and 1894: Stephen S. Smith, John Henderson, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, John Kimball, James L. Barker, Walter Frear.

The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription in advance, $2.50 (which includes postage). Please examine the label on your paper, which tells the day of the month of the year to which you have paid; and if in arrears, do not wait to be notified, but remit promptly by money order, registered letter, draft or express to The Pacific, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, San Francisco, P. O. Box 2348. If the paper comes irregularly, or badly printed or folded, send postal card to The Pacific at once. Address all letters to The Pacific.

Whole No. 2194 | San Francisco, Cal., August 8, 1894. | Vol. XLIII . . No. 32

[For the Pacific.]

"Think it Out."

Oh, "think it out"! not blindly go
And careless all to-day,
And when to-morrow comes, then, lo!
The way's a wrong, rough way.
But "think it out," what God hath planned,
Thy plans to his conform;
He buildeth not upon the sand—
Take heed, his will perform.

God builds, and man with him should build,
And thus his mission find;
Tear down and build, if God hath willed,
But *build* with willing mind.
There traverse all the ages through
Reforms whose steady trend
Imply a building up, anew,
Up-building to the end.

Oh, "think it out"! that question great,
Whatever 'tis, to thee,
Or weal of life, or weal of state;
E'en infidelity,
With all its boasted strength,
Would utterly be put to route,
Or soon, or yet at length,
If men would "think it out."

And so of many evils great
That now infest our land,
That mar the life, afflict the state,
And slay on every hand—
If Christians would but "think it out,"
And how these shall be slain,
Each monster soon we'd put to rout,
Till none would still remain.

San Diego, Cal. Albert Matson.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

BY REV. ARTHUR H. SMITH.

The attention of the whole civilized world has been attracted to Japan, China and Corea within the past few weeks to a greater degree than ever before. The daily papers have been adorned with flaring woodcuts representing the "Japanese Navy," and with other indistinguishably similar woodcuts illustrating the "Chinese Navy." Every day or two, thumb-nail maps of vast regions have appeared, designed to enlighten the public as to the theater of the war, about the origin and merits of which next to nothing is generally known. The truth is that, in ordinary times, even residents of the Pacific Coast take little interest in Asiatic politics, and when a war is threatened they concern themselves very little with the merits of the case, but confine their attention to the relation between the dispute and the price of American flour, canned goods and ammunition.

The contradictory, and often unintelligible, dispatches appearing in the dailies give so little information that it is impossible at this writing to know exactly what has happened, beyond the existence of a state of war between China and Japan about Corea, a small peninsula northeast of China, west of Japan, and south of the Russian possessions on the Siberian coast. Its position gives to this peninsula a significance far beyond its intrinsic importance. It would be invaluable to Russia as an outlet, as her one port of Vladivostock is blocked by ice nearly six months of each year. Corea stands in a relation of dependence both to Japan and to China. The latter country annually receives tribute-bearers from the King of Corea, and, until within recent years, Corea was never considered as other than one of several "tributary countries" under China's control and patronage.

But not many years ago Corea, with the consent and apparently at the instance of China, assumed an independent position, and sent and received embassadors of her own to Western lands, yet without terminating her subordinate relations to China. The Chinese Resident has been one of the most influential and important men in the little kingdom, and everything done in Corea was apparently as well known and arranged for in the yamen of the great Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang, as if Corea had been only one of China's provinces. It is this state of things which puzzles Westerners, and no wonder. Although many pamphlets have been published within the past decade, discussing the relations of Corea to China, it is safe to say that very few understand what those relations really are. Meantime, Corea, like Turkey, has been the worst and most corruptly governed country in the world, and, like Turkey, its fate has been a question involving the peace of three empires. Japan has the heaviest commercial interests in Corea—a somewhat incomprehensible fact, in view of the undoubted superiority of the Chinese as traders. The domestic politics of Corea have always been as unintelligible to outsiders as the genealogies of a nest of rats, but there is good reason to suppose that Japan has been mixed up in them all. If, as is reported, she has carried away the king of Corea in a bag, she is likely to have something to say as to Corean politics in the immediate future.

Japan has, within recent years, instituted popular representative government. The meetings of the parliament have been invariably brief and stormy, generally ending in being prorogued by the Emperor, with a new election to follow, and still other more turbulent sessions in the offing. Japan has been in a condition of seething unrest for many causes, partly internal, partly external, until, as in the case of the second French empire, a war has become a military necessity. Evils in Corea have been made the occasion, and the war is begun. Japan has adopted German military naval methods. Her army and navy have attained a degree of efficiency unexampled in any Asiatic power, and the whole nation is literally spoiling for a fight. The pugnacious and ebullient patriotism of the Japanese in this country is a window through which we may discern the national spirit. Thousands of dollars are raised as a freewill offering on the altar of patriotism, and hundreds of men are said to be willing and ready to go from here at a moment's notice, and at their own expense, to take part as soldiers for their country. Thus far, all the successes seem to be on the side of the Japanese, who, aside from excellent preparation, are good fighters and fierce patriots. In China it is quite otherwise. China's army is small as compared with the population, and but a fraction of it is well drilled. General Garnet Wolseley, who had experience of the Chinese in the war of 1860, has, within recent years, expressed the opinion that properly-drilled and officered Chinese troops would be equal to English, if not the best in the world. But as compared with the Japanese, they are probably inferior in drill, in equipment, and in enthusiasm. How many well-trained soldiers China can bring into the field, it is impossible for any one (but a casual newspaper correspondent) to say. The two navies were originally of nearly equal strength, but in manipulation and action the Japanese have been, thus far, much superior.

Two questions naturally suggest themselves in regard to such a conflict. First, where ought the sympathies of impartial spectators to be? This is a difficult problem to answer, but for one, the present writer would like to see the Japanese defeated and the Chinese beaten. It would do them both great good. All wars are, *de facto*, wrong, and this one is inexcusable, but it could not be prevented, and we must hope that some material good will emerge in ways as yet imperceptible. If Japan wins a decided victory, it will greatly increase the strong national spirit, and can scarcely fail to embarrass the position of foreigners in Japan, already delicate. If China is defeated, there is some reason to fear a general reaction, not only against the advanced party of Li Hung Chang, which has woven a network of telegraphs all over the empire, bought a fleet of foreign merchant vessels, introduced cotton and woolen manufactures, opened coal mines on western lines, built two railways, organized foreign-drilled armies, and bought modern vessels for a navy, but against the reigning Manchoo dynasty. There is a strong national feeling in China, also, when once it is aroused, as it assuredly would be by a defeat inflicted by what the Chinese contemptuously term the "dwarf nation"—a race to whom the Chinese gave, in part, their language and their literature, and civilization as well.

The Chinese are very superstitious. They believe in signs, wonders and omens. A dynasty that can not hold its own is thought to have lost the decree of heaven. It is supposed that this will happen about twice in five hundred years. The present dynasty took the reins in 1644, and, is, therefore, exactly 250 years old, a circumstance which must seem portentous to those who think.

The other question relates to the effect of the war on the progress of the kingdom of God, which some consider to be even more important than the fate of empires of the earth. It is difficult to see how any missionaries can remain in Corea while hostilities last. As to those in China it is otherwise. If the war is short, and if China is not defeated, there may not be much danger, except in the valley of the Yang-tz river—the storm center of the eighteen provinces. If European powers occupy the principal treaty ports, as is reported to be agreed upon, the danger will be greatly reduced, but will exist.

In any case, we must have faith in God, who will certainly overrule this trouble for the good of China, of Japan and of Corea. The former empire may introduce much-needed appliances, and the latter *must* be reformed, and, by whatever means, God's kingdom will be hastened in its coming.

RAMBLES—VIII.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Luncheon on the summit of Redwood Mountain was a privilege not soon to be forgotten, and the appetite, inspired by energy and perspiration, was surpassed only by the opportunity of appropriating the best samples of cooking the world affords. The vivifying rays of the sun dispersed all melancholy feelings, and enlivened the scene with grace and gratitude. The murmurings of strike-smitten districts, like the distant moanings of the Pacific ocean, were unheard in this peaceful retreat. No symptoms of popular fury here, no vengeful tone, no violent gesture, no crowding, no avarice, no envy. In spacious and splendid quietude, we shared God's mercies under a serene and glowing sky, and so well pleased with our surroundings that we might have been mistaken for members of some nomadic race.

"Here, gratitude, health, with simple fare, behold;
Here fellowship, here contentment without gold."

We saunter about the summit. While admiring the beauty and grandeur of our own point of observation, the majesty of the more distant mountains increased upon us. The irregular appearance of the various peaks, no two being alike, only serves to heighten our delight. If the laws of nature are invincible opponents to weakness, they are also irresistible auxiliaries to thought and devotion.

"There is no natural grief or sin;
'Tis we have flung the pall,
And brought the sound of sorrow in."

And above us, like some stray traveler, is a veritable hawk, silently posing in the trackless air. The general appearance of this bird is so well known that little need be said about it, and yet we never weary of watching him. He is a common sort of bird, not restricted to certain localities, as Indians are to reservations, but may be seen almost anywhere gracefully sweeping with piratical intent far above the tuft of trees. His eye was doubtless upon us while ours watched his unobstructed flight. Ah, how we would like a hammock and a hut for one solid month right here, with a small plot of ground, unvexed by thorns or briars, for strawberries and flowers. From the solitude of the mountain-top, we descend again to the haunts of men, and are soon on the highway raising both dust and curiosity as we journey back to Cloverdale, where wonder had been busy guessing what might be our condition at the end of the trip.

The next day we make ready for home. We follow for miles the Russian river. It has no romance, no poetry, no history, no superstitious tradition, but an every-day sort of stream, like the average human character to whom the words of the poet can be applied—

"Not deep, yet clear; though tranquil, yet not dull;
Weak, without rage, yet sometimes o'erflowing full."

The passing tourist admires the small villages, where our train receives accessions to its passenger list, until we are as crowded as a Sutter-street car, going west, at five o'clock. We are back in the city, one of the most healthful in the world. The average city is one huge manufactory of foul air, one compact conspiracy against the lungs and lives of its inhabitants. Not so San Francisco. We are blessed with trade winds, nature's own fanning mills, which fill every street and alley with pure air. The more we travel, the more reconciled we become to our own much-abused climate. It permits out-of-door exercise for more hours in the day, and more days in the year, than any climate we have ever experienced. This temperate, moist atmosphere is favorable to the production of a vigorous, robust habit of living. Every San Franciscan youth, of pure blood and good form, should be superior in breadth and depth of chest, and strong in limb and muscle. The "winds" are censured, but it is folly to think of escaping them, and weakness to be affected by them. They are a blessing to our climate. Our superior climate will always have its critics. There is no defense against reproach but obscurity. If strangers stand our God-given summers, let their words fall in silence. We cannot control others' tongues, but we can stop our own ears. The receiver may be as bad as the thief.

Home again. Callers bid us welcome. A lovely bouquet of choice roses, a fitting gift for a princess, greets the wife. Flowers are a manifestation of God's tenderness, and are, fittingly, symbols of human affection. They have played an important part in the history of the world. Poetry and romance could hardly have existed without them, and the rose recalls great political events, and holds the highest place in history and modern floriculture. Thanks, kind friends; and thanks for vacation; we wish all might have a similar holiday, for—

"Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

Plymouth Church, San Francisco.

CHRISTIAN SOCIOLOGY.

Christian sociology encounters prejudice engendered by the history of misdirected socialistic movements. At the mention of it there comes into the mind Fourierism, Oneidaism, communism, etc, etc. Let these be dismissed forever, except in so far as they are partly Christian; for partly Christian they all are. The very essence of them all is mutualism; and this is the essence of Christianity. But they are mutualism, wrought out selfishly and exclusively toward a selfish end; while the mutualism of Christianity is always unselfish and *all* inclusive.

The cardinal principle of Christian sociology is love, the bond of an universal neighborhood and brotherhood—based on the second great commandment: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. This principle, in its manifold application to all the relationships that subsists among men, is indeed, all of Christian sociology; or, to say the same thing in other words, Christian Sociology is the social philosophy of Jesus Christ developed and applied to human society in all its ramifications. Christian sociologists hold first, that the teaching of Jesus Christ is entirely practicable; that every right relation between man and man would be strengthened, ennobled and sweetened by the dominance of the spirit of Christ's teaching; and, second, that no relation is right, nor has any right to exist among men, in conflict with this teaching, which is only saying that selfishness and enmity and strife have no right to exist. They are the disintegrating and destructive forces that make against order; they are anarchistic.

Christian sociology, in its application, finds society an aggregation of individuals, and lays upon it the duty of conserving righteousness, justice, truth and love. It finds corporations legally leagued individuals, and lays upon them the injunction to do their corporate business with a soul and a conscience which shall represent the consensus of the souls and consciences of its individual members. Individuals cannot, by merging into organizations, social or legal, evade individual accountability; nor can a corporation avoid the ethical effect of its conduct.

Christian sociology insists that State Legislatures, City Councils, banking, railroad and other corporations shall do business with reference to the value of life, rather than that of the dollar. It would write on the walls of all Council chambers: "Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?"

Christian sociology recognizes the fact that we have always the poor and weak with us, and tells us what to do about it. "They that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak." It also recognizes the bad possibilities arising out of natural indolence, and puts upon every man the obligation to "bear his own burdens."

Christian sociology addresses itself to the rich, charging them that they be rich in good works, and trust not in uncertain riches; and to the poor, that they be rich in faith, and not envious.

It addresses itself to the Church, exhorting her to awake and put on her strength and beauty; to take up *doing* as well as *believing* the doctrine of Christ; to be a Christian in *practice* no less than in *faith*.

Now, what of danger in Christian sociology? Nothing right and good—nothing but falsehood and wrong, whether openly avowed or cloaked by religion, can be disturbed by it. None but a faithless, self-seeking ministry, a self-righteous and self-indulgent laity, and self-centered worldlings can consistently antagonize it. (Rev.) Geo. W. Henning.

The condition of the people in Corea is scarcely above that of serfs; indeed, the recent rebellion in the southern provinces, out of which has grown the present war, was not political in its character, but an uprising of a suffering people against a tyrannical and cruel governor.

God will not smile upon the man who is frowning upon his brother.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Although there has been no official announcement to that effect, the opinion prevails in official and diplomatic circles that several of the great European powers have suggested to the governments of China and Japan that the war into which those countries have so suddenly plunged as a result of their dispute over Corea be stopped, and that the subject of the dispute be submitted to arbitration, with the President of the United States as arbitrator. Aside from the natural desire for peace which all good people have, there is an earnest hope that this opinion may prove true. Should the President of the United States be asked to arbitrate between China and Japan it would not only be the highest compliment that those nations could pay to the American people, but it would necessarily add to the respect of the natives of those countries for American missionaries, and would consequently increase the usefulness of those missionaries. While President Cleveland would not, of course, indicate his willingness to act as arbitrator before he was asked, there is little doubt of his accepting the task, if he is asked to do so.

The Bailey Bankruptcy bill, which recently passed the House, has been favorably reported to the Senate, but it has been amended to such an extent that it is practically a new measure. Notice has been given that it will be called up in the Senate next Monday.

Washingtonians are proud of their liking for cold water, both as a beverage and as a cleansing fluid, but few of them had any idea of the enormous amount of water consumed every day until the figures were made public by the authorities, in order to get the water used a little more sparingly. According to those figures, the consumption of water last Saturday was more than seven barrels for each inhabitant of the city of Washington.

Members of the House Judiciary Committee, which favorably reported Senator Hoar's anti-lottery bill, already passed by the Senate to the House, are not being left in any doubt as to the sentiment of the public towards this measure. While the most of the numerous petitions, asking that this bill be passed, have come from religious organizations, not a few have been received from individuals in all sections of the country. The bill, which is carefully and strongly drawn, is intended to be supplementary to the law closing the United States mails to lotteries. It prohibits the carrying or sending from one State to another or from any foreign country of any paper purporting to be or to represent a ticket, share or interest in any lottery or similar enterprise, or any advertisement of them, in the mails or otherwise, under a penalty of $1,000 fine or imprisonment for from one to two years, or both, for the first offense, and imprisonment for the same period for the second offense. The statement sent out from Washington that this bill, if it became a law, would interfere with church fairs and similar methods of raising money, was erroneous. Congress has no authority except in interstate and international matters. It is doubtful whether the bill will be acted upon at the present session by the House, as the indications are that adjournment will speedily follow an agreement on the tariff bill, which is hoped for shortly; but its friends are very confident that it will be passed by an overwhelming majority at the short session of Congress.

Representative Hutcheson of Texas has introduced a joint resolution providing for an amendment to the United States Constitution reading as follows: "Trusts and monopolies dealing in agricultural products, or other articles of prime necessity, shall not exist in the United States, and Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The history of the life and missionary work in Constantinople of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, as told in an address to the Y. M. C. A. of this city by Rev. Dr. D. W. Fisher, President of Hanover College, Indiana, was as interesting as any romance ever written, and was correctly stated by him to have been one of the best examples of Christian devotion and self-sacrifice in the annals of missionary work. He rapidly sketched the life of the boy born on a small farm—how many of the world's grandest characters were born on farms—his education for the ministry, his going to Constantinople as a missionary, and his work there, where he taught not only Christianity, but also self-reliance, by the establishment of such industries as a modern bakery and a saw-mill. His services in the cause of humanity during the Crimean war were recognized by a present of $25,000 from the British government, every dollar of which he turned into the missionary fund. In later years he succeeded in establishing, after many difficulties, a college. Dr. Fisher closed with an appeal for the teaching of practical Christianity to the youth of our country.

Washington, D. C., August 1st.

"NOT NEW LIGHT, BUT NEW SIGHT."

BY REV. DR. GEORGE F. MAGOUN.

We are told nowadays that every age has its special and original message of religious truth. It is a way some men have of depreciating and denying the permanent, unchangeable character of divine revelation. If the truth came from the age, instead of coming from God, there might be something in the oft-repeated announcement of new revelations. But an old Puritan stated it more accurately and more wisely when he said, "It is not new light, but new sight." The difference is all in us, not in the truth.

Principal Fairbairn in a sermon illustrates this thus: "The stars have not changed since the eyes of the first man gazed into the midnight heavens. What we see he saw, only lighted by the softer splendor given by the serener air of the east. But while heaven as an expanse which the eye can survey [beyond it and above] is the same, how changed as an object the mind can conceive! The waiting and watching of many centuries, the discoveries of many thousands of telescopes, the inquiries, the calculations, the interpretative and speculative thoughts of many minds, have widened the star-lit roof of the earth into a universe illumined with measureless suns, crowded with countless worlds. It needed only an eye to see the lights that made the lonesome night lovelier than the garish day, but it needed large experience and ripened thought to read the secret of their mazy paths. So, the truth which man interprets may not change, but he change, and his change may show him fathomless depths where he had once thought his foot or his staff could touch the bottom."

Some try to confound the distinction between "light" and "sight" by asserting that it takes the luminous object and the eye together to make any "light." So to make sight, they assert, requires the external object as well as the eye. The attempt is futile, for the one word will ever stand in common sense for that which is without us, and the other for what is within. And that one of these two is new is not the same as that the other is. A new experience within the circle of sense-perception does not make any new external object at all—just as a new object does not of necessity create any new perception. They are distinct things. The object may exist long, long before any sight of it; and when vision comes nothing is added thereby to what at last is seen; not an atom. In that new combination of the thing without, and the experience within, the one and only new element is the experience within; which, in other words, is just what the old Puritan and Principal Fairbairn unite in saying. It is only by confusion of thought, transferring the change and the new in us to the old unchangeable truth revealed long, long before it was accepted, that men who do not think clearly are tempted to assert that each age or each generation has some new revelation of its own which no age had yet had. New understanding, new application, peradventure, by somebody, of the old unchanged revelation is all that takes place, or can. God's revealing does not depend on any man's understanding or accepting the truth; and it is only self-conceit and boasting to assert that when one has just come to apprehend it, he has just revealed it.

Grinnell.

The Prohibition party will open the campaign in this city, with a grand rally in Metropolitan Temple, next Monday evening, August 13th. Hon. Henry French, candidate for Governor, will deliver the principal speech. Good music and other good speakers will be there.

The annual meeting of the American Board will be at Madison, Wis., October 15th to 18th. The annual meeting of the American Missionary Association will meet at Lowell, Mass., October 23d to 25th.

Mail steamers sail for Japan and China August 7th, 16th and 28th.

Woman's Board
Of the Pacific.

LADIES, ATTENTION!

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific for the choice of officers, annual reports, etc., will be held in Plymouth church, San Francisco, on Wednesday, September 5th. There will be a morning, afternoon and evening session, commencing with devotional exercises at 9 A. M. The program will include papers on various subjects connected with missionary work, followed by discussions, addresses, etc. This early notice is given, that auxiliary societies may have ample time to select their delegates—two, at least, from each society, who will be cordially entertained at our homes. Lunch will be served on Wednesday at the church. Will those who intend to come please send their names to Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary street, and places of entertainment will be assigned them? It is hoped that the "Southern Branch" will send delegates. Any ladies from our Southern churches will be welcomed, and will they notify us of their intention to be present?

Ladies in Washington and Oregon! Will you not send some delegates to this, our annual meeting, and let us know when you will come? We want this to be, beside a review of the year's work, a grand fellowship meeting for all the women on our Coast. Unless otherwise instructed by letter, ladies will please report to Plymouth church on Post street, between Buchanan and Webster, any time on Tuesday, September 4th, where ladies will be to escort them to their places of entertainment.

Plymouth church is reached from the ferry direct by the Sutter street cars, and by Market-street transferring to Geary. Leave the cars at Buchanan street.

A YEAR'S WORK IN TOTTORI, JAPAN.

By Miss Adelaide Daughaday.

(*Continued.*)

TOTTORI CHURCH.

The numbers of the Tottori church have been greatly reduced during the past year by removals. As one young man remarked, "Tottori is too small a nest for us when our wings are grown." And we often laughingly say, "attending *sobetsukwai* (farewell meetings) is one of our most important social duties." But, on the other hand, some influential families have come to Tottori; some have already united with the church, and others, we have reason to expect, will do so. One family is that of an ex-military officer, and another the head of the *gaibansho* (court house), in which there are two Christians, his wife and mother. Although the church has been pastorless throughout the year, the devoted labors of some of the leading members and the resident missionary have gone far to supply the need. A Doshisha theological student served the people so acceptably through last summer's vacation that he has been unanimously invited to locate here permanently after his graduation this summer.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

The girls' school has somewhat increased in numbers. Bible study has been added to the course, and weekly prayer-meeting has been sustained by the pupils. Practical talks on the care of the sick, and the preparation of their food, have been given by a graduate of the Kyoto Training School for Nurses. There were five graduates last summer, some of whom are now taking a higher course in Kobe and Kyoto.

BIBLE AND ENGLISH CLASSES.

A number of classes for the study of the Bible and of English have been carried through the year. English, in some cases, has been the lodestone to draw them to the Bible classes, and several most intelligent young men are now earnestly inquiring about the true way, and attending the regular church service.

BOY'S EVENING SCHOOL.

Besides the evening school for girls employed in the factories, a similar school has now been opened for laboring boys, with an increasing attendance, and with apparently increasing interest on the part of the young men who are its teachers. While watering others, may their own hearts be watered!

GUESTS.

We were gladdened, and the work received a fresh impetus by visits from Dr. DeForest and Miss Talcott last November.

THE IMPERIAL SILVER WEDDING.

At the time of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Emperor and Empress of Japan the station gave an evening party to commemorate the event, to which not only all Christians were invited, but also a large number of officials. It was a very pleasant occasion, and seemed to strengthen the bond of union between believers and missionaries, and to please all who were present. The program consisted in singing, "*Kimi Go Yo*" (Japanese national hymn) and other national songs, and of speeches in which cheers were given for their imperial majesties and for the President of the United States.

MORE OPPOSITION.

In April of this year a man came to Tottori and, engaging one of the largest theaters, held preaching services every night for about a week. His addresses were violent attacks upon Christianity. Although the admission fee was three *sen* (about one and a half cents) the building was filled to its utmost capacity every evening, and crowds stood outside the doors. Each one who entered received a little book containing the life of Jesus Christ, written by a Buddhist. Some of the worst characters of the city were engaged by this man to go through the streets and advertise these meetings as the funeral of Christianity. They also added that some of the leading church members, mentioning their names, would soon be put to death. Rude boys called upon us in our homes and asked insolent questions, and the worst elements of society seemed to be aroused. But just at this time there providentially came to Tottori, on legal business, a lawyer from Kyoto, a man of courage and intelligence, and who though not a Christian, had carefully studied the Bible. Indignant at the false statements made by this Buddhist lecturer, he rose one evening and refuted his charges, and addressed to the speaker so many skillfully put questions that he could not answer, that the latter, enraged at being humiliated before his audience, hurled several missiles at him, and the meeting broke up in confusion. Thus ended another attempt to bury Christianity.

WORK IN CHINA—II.

BY LILIAN F. LAMONT REEVES.

Come with us again; we are invited into a house where we meet both men and women. Where did you come from, and where are you going? seems to be the only subject in which they are interested; so, after leaving our message, we turned away, and going further along, we talked to some tile-makers, and while showing the books to them, one of the men from the first house came to us, and manifested such interest that we are encouraged to feel that the message, which seemed so fruitless at first, fell into good soil. He was a very intelligent man, and his question indicated that he was anxious for the truth.

Hurrying through this market-place, which we will leave the men to work—for women are only insulted among such a gathering of men, many of them met to gamble—we walk around the hill, and being told of a village in the mountains, we walk on; breathing easier that we are relieved of the almost hideous gaze of the hundreds of eyes turned upon us as we passed the stalls and dens of the market town, we reached the village, which was one of the richer type, and enclosed in a rude wall. As we approached, the gates of bamboo were closed tight, and only the bravest dared face us; soon one and another came to see the books, but no one would buy—not even listen to the gospel with any interest. One mother, who could not herself read, was anxious her twelve-year-old son should buy a book, but after finding that it was Christian, he showed all the animosity exhibited by many his senior in years, and pushing it aside, said he had no use for it. Truly, we believe those of tender years can be as guilty of rejection of their Saviour as many older whom we met, who used his identical expression, "No use." But as we were returning from a smaller village, some children flocked around us, and a little boy of about ten years came to us with quivering lips and filled eyes to say he had no cash, but wanted a gospel, so it was given with a prayer that in this case it might be, "a little child shall lead them," in this little self-satisfied village.

But after a rest, while our boat is moving on to another village, we ascend the bank, and at first are greeted only by dogs, and a man tells us no one is in; but, as we turn to leave, several women run after us, and are very anxious to buy books, but, evidently, the men folks are opposed; and one bright little women, after whispering to her companions, swiftly runs into the house, and, getting her whole stock of money, five cash (one-half of a cent), she grabs a gospel, and, folding it in four, hides it in her belt, the while looking furtively to see if her husband has discovered her act, for he is standing in the yard scolding. Then she speeds off before we can press home more truths; and, oh, we hope to find the true Light, for which she seemed so eager! Further on our journey, a man of wealth, and a teacher of a high school, welcomed the men folks, and soon his mother sent a servant to ask us to come and see her. She was a very intelligent woman, and evidently had heard of Jesus; but she feared her bones would not receive proper care after her death if she left her heathen religion. She bought ten odd copies of the Scripture portions, and listened to what we told her of resurrection hope, as well as present salvation, with much respect.

You would not care that I repeat all the weary trampings which seemed in vain; and sometimes those whom we met seemed void of all understanding; and after we had talked for awhile, they would look at us with blank faces, and say, "We don't understand what you say." But immediately they would flood us with a torrent of questions as to what we ate, etc.; but while the Bible woman was answering, I would interrupt by telling her it was no use to answer them, for they could not understand us; and they would turn away abashed, seeing the force of the argument; but it is a fact that many of them have minds that have not been aroused to think of anything beyond the routine of every-day life; and Christian thoughts and phrases are so foreign to them that they do not always comprehend the truth when first heard; but we praise the Lord for those whom his Spirit has prepared to receive the truth.

Our experience was of great encouragement. On our way back we were delayed for a day by a typhoon, which, with other experiences, caused our plans for getting home for the following Sabbath to fail, but we felt that the Lord must have something better for us; and before we could get off, the people from the shore where the wind had driven us begged us to spend the next morning preaching the gospel to them, and they would let us have an Ancestral Hall in which to hold the service. So we staid, and had an audience of over two hundred people. Tong Won, our native assistant, preached to them; then we sang in Chinese, "Jesus Loves Me" and "Nothing But the Blood of Jesus," and there being nearly fifty children present, we taught them to sing the chorus of "Jesus Loves Me." Then, after a prayer by the Bible woman, followed by the Lord's Prayer, we explained that that was the way many Chinese worship Jesus, without the incense and heathen forms used in idol worship, and they seemed fairly awed to think that they could talk with God in that way. After this we talked personally with those who were interested, and one woman said, with tears in her eyes, after listening to the story of the cross, "Of course we ought to love this Jesus"; and as she listened to the plan of salvation, counting step by step on her fingers, she said she must hasten to tell her mother, who, having bound feet, could not get out.

BETHANY, HONAM, CANTON, China.

Home Missions.

FAMILIAR TALKS.

OUR SLAVIC PEOPLES.

We come now to a department of work that appeals to our patriotism as well as our love of the kingdom. We have been, in recent years, much, and justly alarmed by dangers threatening our national life through the great influx of peoples from the south of Europe, who were wholly unfitted for such a share in our governmental affairs as our franchise laws permit. But they are here, and the conditions of our political life, however unfortunate, are a fact that we cannot go back upon. They are with us, and must now be made part of us—but how? How shall we Americanize these diverse elements; aye, more, make of them and ourselves a people who love justice, exalt righteousness, and illustrate the God-given idea of human brotherhood? Nothing but the religion of Jesus Christ, in its purity and power, can do this. As before said, the Congregational Home Missionary Society has grasped this thought, and been wise and zealous to the extent of its ability in giving the gospel to each of these nationalities, not in a language they cannot understand, but to each in its own mother tongue—the Bible and the living messenger of salvation.

In writing of our German and Scandinavian peoples, but little was needed in the way of past history. But we come now to those classes of whom comparatively little is known by the general public, and against which there is a strong prejudice, and not wholly without reason. Had our privilege of franchise been properly guarded, there would be less occasion for alarm; perhaps, also, less stimulus to the work of genuine assimilation, which is doubtless the providential purpose in all this great movement. But to a correct understanding of this part of our subject, we deem a somewhat lengthy introduction necessary, and this paper will be given, beyond this point, entirely to a historical outline of Bohemia and Bohemians, as preparatory to one upon our "Slavic Work."

The province of Bohemia, in the northwestern part of Austria, has an area of 19,822 square miles, and a population of over five millions. Its line of products, not unlike our own Northern States, and its industries along certain lines, are well developed. Its people are described as patient, industrious, social in their habits, and very fond of music and dancing. They were noted, even in their heathen state, for the sacredness with which they held the family tie, and so hospitable that they would rob a neighbor to entertain a guest.

Their great university, that of Prague, was founded in 1848, and in the next century numbered its students by the thousands. The marriage of Richard II of England with the Princess Anna of Bohemia brought the universities of Prague and Oxford into close relations, so that the teachings of Wickliffe were earnestly discussed at Prague, and in time all Bohemia was moved, and waited eagerly for the man who should lead them into a new life. John Huss was that leader. "Vast congregations thronged to hear him explain the Word, and almost every class of society was represented—nobles, masters, students, merchants, mechanics and peasants hung upon his words with breathless interest. Queen Sophia was a faithful hearer, and the "common people heard him gladly." "His language was pure and simple, his personality striking, and his intense conviction gave him great power." His one thought seemed to be to save souls. Bohemia was profoundly moved and longed for a pure Church. But alas, that mighty power at Rome was at its height, and the time was not yet ripe for its overthrow. A ten years' war followed the death of John Huss, and in the end the Catholics gained the ascendancy. Thousands of Protestants were put to death; they were cast into deep mines, dragged through the streets at the heels of horses, tarred and set on fire, starved, beaten and tortured in every possible way demoniacal hate could devise, till the population of Bohemia was reduced from three million to seven hundred and eighty thousand, and the reign of terror continued for one hundred and sixty years. The effect upon Bohemian literature was striking. It is said that since that awful period when Protestantism was thus expelled, not a single scholar of any note has arisen in Bohemia. Ferdinand II said, "Better a desert than a nation of heretics," and the result was a desert. "The people were compelled to conceal their Bibles, and became at length so accustomed to deceive their pursuers as to lose the fine sense of truth themselves, and spiritual life even among Protestants almost die out."

Of course, as a result of all this, the immigration that comes to us is very largely Catholic, and the long reign of terror has stamped itself upon the life of the people in the way of extreme timidity, and especial shyness of strangers, making it almost impossible for an American to get access to their homes. Hence the necessity for educating teachers and Bible readers of their own, which is now done in the Bethlehem homes at Cleveland and Chicago, as well as in the Slavic department of Oberlin. Can we fail to pity this poor, persecuted priest-ridden people, or extend to them true Christian hospitality? Experience proves that they can be *won*, and when fairly committed to the new life and faith they will be thoroughly loyal to both our religion and our country. M. L. M.

Rested.

BY CAPT. R. KELSO CARTER.

Do you not know
After the stormy waves, white-crested,
Tossing and crossing your weary life,
After the bitterest pain has tested,
How sweet it feels at the end of strife,
To be rested?

Have you not heard
Bursting from throat of a bird in gladness
Notes like an echo of heaven's joy;
Bubbling delight, no trace of sadness,
Songs of pure rapture without alloy,
So light-hearted?

Can you not see
Mighty the difference between such praising,
Carelessly happy and free from thought,
And the strong welling of soul, upraising
For the deep peace that in pain is bought
By long waiting?

Have you not felt
Rested all through, your inmost being
Quieted down from the storm of fears;
Wrinkles smoothed out of your heart, and seeing
Sunshine at last after weary years
Of deep yearning?

Is is not grand,
After the lonely, tired aching,
Bright thro' the tears for the rainbow to shine,
After the agony and heart-breaking,
God's perfect will interwoven with thine,
To feel rested?

New York Observer.

It is of great value here and now to anticipate time and to live to-day an eternal life. That we may all do. The joys of heaven will begin as soon as we obtain the character of heaven and do its duties. That may begin to-day. It is everlasting life to know God, to have his Spirit dwelling in you, yourself at one with him. Try that and prove its worth. Justice, usefulness, wisdom, religion and love are the best things we hope for in heaven. Try them on—they will fit you here not less becomingly. They are the best things of earth. Think no outlay of goodness and piety too great. You will find your reward begin here. As much goodness and piety, so much heaven. Men will not pay you—God will; pay you now, hereafter and forever.—*Theodore Parker.*

In a certain school, during the parsing lesson, the word "waif" occurred in a sentence. The youngest who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, puzzled over the word for a few minutes, and then a bright idea struck him: "I can parse it; positive, waif; comparative, waifer; superlative, sealing wax."

Sewerage is purified by electricity.

Needles are legal tender in Africa.

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT.

[Chaplain Joseph Rowell's annual report.]

When I look back over forty odd years of labor for the salvation of seamen and contrast the then with the now, my whole soul goes out in a thankful shout, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

Then, wind and tide were against us, and every foot of progress had to be fought for; now we have struck the trade winds and are bowling along grandly, crowding on a little more sail every year, and every stitch of canvas drawing well.

The revolution has been twofold—in the attitude of the people and the churches toward the work, and in the position and character of seamen themselves.

Then, no one believed in the possibility of much success in the work. A hundred times over the Chaplain was made to know that he was regarded as many Christians now look on him who labors for the salvation of Chinese or professional criminals. They admired his Christian enthusiasm, but distrusted his judgment and pitied his delusion. Scores of times did Christians, and even pastors of churches, ask him if he really believed that it did any good to preach the gospel to those sailors. The feeling seemed to be ingrained in their minds that these men were so thoroughly and recklessly wicked that their real conversion was not to be expected. They acknowledged the duty to make the effort, and promised to sustain him who would make it, but looked for little or no good result from it. And when he proposed to organize a church among them, not a pastor in this city favored the idea. To them the plan seemed chimerical and of no good promise whatever. As an illustration of the opinion of Christian men and business men regarding it, it may be mentioned that when the judge of one of our higher courts saw men laying the foundations of our present church building, and asked what the building was to be, he burst into a hearty laugh on being told that it was to be a church. To him the idea of locating a church on our water front seemed so absurd that he thought the men must be joking.

Men whose wealth had been made by the toil and suffering of seamen refused to help build this house, because, as they said: "It is a foolish waste of money; it is useless to try to save these men." And many Christian men did the same thing for the same reason. In those days very few, indeed, were they who expected much good fruit from this work.

But now the whole atmosphere and sentiment are turned about, and nearly everybody, saint and sinner, has a good word for the work. Business men, who are candid, and have their eyes open, bear testimony to the excellence of the work done. The scoffers are not all dead or silent, but they are generally those whose gains are lessened by increasing morality in the community, or those whose opinions no evidence can change. But the great change is in the attitude of the people of God. The skeptics are no longer in the churches. I suppose there is not an evangelical church in this city whose pastor and members do not feel kindly toward our work. As an illustration of this change of sentiment, it may be recorded that, at the beginning, a prominent pastor opposed the work with pen and type; but fourteen years later he welcomed us to his church for our anniversary, and warmly commended the work to his people.

Christians have learned that sailors can be converted to God; that it is easier to lead them to Christ than people of most other classes; that they make fully as good Christian workers as any other class of men, and that they hold out well, notwithstanding the peculiar hindrances; and the other churches are always glad to receive our converts to their membership. Kindly inquiries are daily made regarding the work, and many of the churches show a disposition to enter into it for themselves. In a word, the interest of Christian people in the welfare of the men of the sea has been fast growing, till now no class of men seem nearer than these to the hearts of the Church.

Still more marked is the change in the attitude and character of seamen themselves; and, of course, this change goes far to account for the other. Then, truly religious sailors were nearly as rare as swallows in winter. Thousands of old seamen could truly say, "I never saw a religious sailor." The quarters of seamen in commercial cities were the worst plague-spots there, and all kinds of sin were practiced there, almost without restraint. On our own water front noisy squads of drunken seamen might be met with at any hour of the night, and the officers of the law seldom interfered with them, because they knew that the police court would set them free in the morning, because such conduct as theirs was just what was to be expected in sailors. The number of sober men among them was very small, indeed. A few who were ambitious, and resolved to become commanders of ships, practiced some self-restraint, and the rest wallowed in debauchery.

Seamen themselves despaired of any kind of salvation. They took it as a matter of course that they were to run a brief course of gross indulgence, and then go to hell. A lady passenger, on a sailing ship entering this port, said to a grizzled Scotchman at the wheel, "Are you not glad to get into port again?" At first he would not answer, but, when pressed, replied, "What matters it? It is only a roll in the gutter, and then away to sea again." Hundreds of seamen have said to me, some defiantly, but more sadly, "It is impossible for a sailor to be a Christian."

But the tide has turned, and is setting strongly virtue-ward and God-ward. As to strong drink, which has always been the sailor's chief bond and curse, while thousands are still its poor slaves, other thousands have escaped its bondage. More than forty-five hundred names, pledged to total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, are on the roll of the Marine Temperance Society. There are plenty of men still to be found, more or less intoxicated, in our sailor boarding-houses, but the pandemonium that once reigned all along our water front has ceased, and no part of our city is more quiet or safe for pedestrians than this. Once we held a few evening meetings, and these were poorly attended, because it was not safe to be down there at night; but now our meetings are held constantly, young people come to help us from all parts of the city, and no one is ever molested. Drunken seamen are rarely seen on our streets in this day. The general feeling of seamen in this matter has greatly changed. Then the sailor who would not drink was a crank, and the butt of all jokes and scorn. But now the men who will drink are relegated to a lower plane, and are despised by their sober shipmates. To be a drinking man is no longer reputable among seamen.

And no less marked is the change among these men in regard to personal religion. The man, who, at this day, will say, "I never saw a Christian sailor," we class with those who are not to be believed, even under oath. Religious seamen are found now wherever ships sail the seas. We look for them on all inbound deep-sea vessels, and I think it safe to say that a majority of such craft leave this port with one or more religious men aboard, while during this last year several ships have sailed with five or more, and one with twenty men in her crew, claiming to be the children of God.

And as to the genuine piety of these men we have long since been cured of any doubts we may have entertained regarding it, for we have abundant evidence that no better Christians are found anywhere. Only genuine converts can bear the ordeal of forecastle life on shipboard. On shore it is easy enough for half-way Christians to get along comfortably in the church, but in the close and searching companionship of life at sea, a man must be one thing or the other. If his religion be only in name it will be soon ground out of him. A convert on the United States steamer *Hassler*, in the Arctic, writes thus: "It is very hard to live a Christian life on board, and we have to stand a great deal, sometimes; but I thank God for the privilege to suffer a little for Jesus Christ our Saviour." Another writes: "I am living as close to God as I possibly can. I read my Bible every day, and kneel down to pray in the midst of my shipmates. God has kept me in all temptations, and I have had many."

It is easy to understand the reason for the hard trial the faith of these men must bear. On shore, a Christian can avoid the society of wicked and unreasonable men; but on board a ship he is forced to be in company with papists, sceptics, and others who will do all they can to overthrow his faith, and force him to believe and live as they themselves do.

And when, in spite of all this most trying experience, these men hold right on and witness a good confession for Christ can we doubt the reality of their religion? Many of the best Christians in the world are on our ships, and the number of such is fast increasing.

In view, then, of what our eyes have seen of God's wonderful work for seamen, we thankfully say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The one great aim of our Church, in all our work is to secure the salvation of the souls of sea-faring men. Other interests of these men are important, and we are glad to see other men caring for these; but this outweighs them all, a thousand times, as eternity outweighs time. So "this one thing we do," we seek the salvation of immortal souls.

But in doing this one thing we find it necessary to use various means, some direct and some indirect. First of all are our religious services. These are held every day in the week, and on some days more than one. Besides the usual Sunday services we hold nine prayer-meetings each week. Including social and temperance meetings, we hold from fifteen to twenty gatherings each week. If sailors seek vile places, it is not because no other place is open to them, but because like seeks like.

(*To be Continued.*)

In Colorado 3,000,000 acres are irrigated.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

A Bit of Cheer.*

In a poor little town where the streets, and the weeds,
And the children all ran wild,
I found a spot where a dear little home
Looked out at me and smiled.
Bright roses covered the latticed porch,
The lawn was trim and green,
And I caught a glimpse of an aged face,
On which I was sure I could clearly trace
The noble stamp of a queen.

"Good friend," I said, "you've an Elim here;
May I stop and rest awhile?"
She greeted me with a gracious word,
And a sweet, assuring smile.
We talked of this and we talked of that,
And then I praised her care
Of the little home—such a bright home place,
That had seemed to welcome with smiling face
The one who was passing there.

"I am quite content," said the sweet-faced queen—
And she spoke with a queenly air—
"I am quite content with this little home,
And I do not mind the care.
There was a time when I planned great things
That I would surely do
With the strength of a cultured womanhood.
Oh, I wanted *my* life to *count* for the good,
The beautiful and the true.

"But sickness came, and sorrow came,
And reverses many and great;
And the years slipped swiftly away from me,
Until it was all too late
To fit myself for the noble work
That I had planned to do;
And there, like a barren tree I stood—
Untalented, worthless, a shame to the good,
The beautiful and the true.

"So it seemed to me; and I mourned my lack
Through many a weary day,
Till at last a word roused me to work
In my humble quiet way,
To make one home on this dreary street
Present a smiling face.
It's something, isn't it, just to rake
Some of the rubbish away, and make
One clean and cheery place?"

O souls ambitious to do great things—
To write, or to sing, or to preach—
However untalented you may be
There is something within your reach
That you *can* do that will help to make
This world a happier place!
Clean up the rubbish that lies at your feet,
And make that spot all wholesome and sweet—
A spot with a smiling face.

NORMAN CONWAY.

*"When we are young we think we shall build palaces for the gods, but at the last we are glad if we have dug away some of the rubbish at our feet."—*Goethe.*

THE PREACHER'S BOOK.

There is one Book from which it is safe for a minister to steal his sermons—that is the Bible. If he takes them from other sources he is liable to be detected and disgraced, but with the Bible there is no such danger; but if men will study that Book and preach that Word their pond will never run dry.

Mr. Spurgeon, in his work, "The Greatest Light in the World," thus testified:

"After preaching the gospel for forty years, and after printing the sermons I have preached for more than six-and-thirty years, reaching now to the number of 2,200 in weekly succession, I am fairly entitled to speak about the fullness and richness of the Bible as a preacher's book. Brethren, it is inexhaustible. No question about freshness will arise if we keep closely to the text of the sacred volume. There can be no difficulty as to finding themes totally distinct from those we have handled before; the variety is as infinite as the fullness. A long life will only suffice us to skirt the shores of this great continent of light. In the forty years of my own ministry, I have only touched the hem of the garment of divine truth; but what virtue has flowed out of it! The Word is like its Author—infinite, immeasurable, without end. If you were ordained to be a preacher throughout eternity, you would have before you a theme equal to everlasting demands.

"Brothers, shall we each have a pulpit somewhere amidst the spheres? Shall we have a parish of millions of leagues? Shall we have voices so strengthened as to reach attentive constellations? Shall we be witnesses for the Lord of grace to myriads of worlds, which will be thunder-struck when they hear of the incarnate God? Shall we be surrounded by pure intelligences, inquiring and searching into the mystery of God manifest in the flesh? Will the unfallen worlds desire to be instructed in the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and will each one of us have his own tale to tell of our experience of infinite love? I think so, since the Lord has saved us 'to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the Church and manifold wisdom of God.' If such be the case, our Bibles will suffice for ages to come for new themes every morning, and for fresh songs and disclosures, world without end."

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

A young man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast.

An older friend advised him to quit before the habit grew too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger; it is a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so. But I assure you, there is no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter, "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that I shall be, before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and I resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."—*Ohio Church Life.*

A LOUD TELEPHONE.

A telephone which will talk loud enough for a person in any part of a large room to hear and understand has been recently devised by Mr. Graham of the Electric Wiring and Fittings Company, 2 Prince's street, Westminster. He has succeeded not so much by an improvement on the existing telephones as by his method of arranging the circuit, and bringing its resistance as low as possible. To this end the usual induction-coil is discarded, and the two instruments, transmitter and receiver, are directly connected in circuit with the line and the battery. The transmitter at one end of the line is connected to the receiver at the other end, and two separate lines are employed, having a common return-wire. Two correspondents can thus talk quite freely with each other, and as the receivers speak out so as to be heard in any part of a room, conversation can be carried on by each person simply speaking to his transmitter. This apparatus is attached to flexible conductors and is held in the hand. To open a conversation it is sufficient to pick up the portable transmitter and press a button in its casing, so as to establish the circuit. The receiver at the other end acts as its own call-bell by the loudness of its voice, and the response comes equally prompt and loud. The user has, therefore, no need to listen carefully with one or two receivers held up to his head. All he has to do is to speak into his transmitter and keep his ears open.—*English Mechanic, London.*

STATISTICS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

It is manifestly impossible to secure absolutely correct statistics of the Civil War. The Adjutant-General's office gives the following as the number of casualties in the volunteer and regular armies of the United States:

Killed in battle, 67,058; died of wounds, 43,012; died of disease, 199,720; other causes, such as accidents, murder, Confederate prisons, etc., 40,154; total, 349,944; total deserted, 199,105. Number of soldiers in the Confederate service who died of wounds or disease (partial statement), 133,821; deserted (partial statement), 104,428. Number of United States troops captured during the war, 212,608; Confederate troops captured, 476,169. Number of United States troops paroled on the field, 16,431; Confederate troops paroled on the field, 248,599. Number of United States troops who died while prisoners, 30,156; Confederate troops who died while prisoners, 30,152. It is a striking coincidence that the last statement shows a difference of only four men in a total of more than 60,000.

Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war; Antietam the bloodiest. The largest army was assembled by the Confederates at the Seven Days' Fight; by the Unionists at the Wilderness.—*Blue and Gray.*

The difficulty which many feel in their attempts to enjoy the country is they are in a land whose language they understand not. People who have come to middle life with no interest in field or forest, to whom every bird is "a robin," and every flower "a daisy," must, perforce, even underneath the elms, find their recreations in cards and dress. It is sad to confess, but true it is, that to the majority of our summer tourists the charms of nature are as profound an enigma as the hieroglyphics of Egypt. No man will get upon a very intimate footing with nature who has not been introduced to her before he is forty years old.—*The Interior.*

It is a blessing of old age when it does not seem so much that the weary pilgrimage is tending upward toward the land of rest, as that the blessed country is somehow brought nearer, as if it had come down from God. For John, in his old age, saw the holy city descending, and many, like the aged watcher in Patmos, have learned to look upward and say, "Come, Lord," instead of saying, "Take me away." And most of all, this is true of those who have outlived the beloved of old time, for the gathering feet of the dear ones gone press down the very blue above us and bring heaven very near.—*Selected.*

Paper quilts are a European fad.

Japan has no undertakers.

Transparent leather gains favor.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, AUG. 19TH. JOHN I: 35-49.

First Disciples of Jesus.

BY REV. WALLACE SMITH.

Golden Text.—"We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ" (John i: 41).

The day of the Baptist's fame was bright, but brief. Already his sun was waning before the broadening beams of that Sun of Righteousness which was destined to become the Light of the world. As a forerunner his mission ended with the appearance of Him whom he heralded; when the "greater than he" who was preferred before him had come. But if that life was a short one it was also busy, and truly great lives are measured by deeds, not by years, so that the shortest lives may be the most fruitful. John, it appears, had continued to baptize and preach after Christ had commenced his ministry, and men were attracted to the side of that bold and fearless preacher who dared to expose the wickedness and crimes of the rulers. He did not fear the power of man when engaged in proclaiming the truth. But then came the end. From the desert, and its free life; from the fords of the swift flowing Jordan—*the descender*—John is taken away. For openly rebuking the King (Herod Antipas, unscrupulous son of an unscrupulous father) this noble prophet of whom our Lord said that there had not risen a greater than he (Matt. xi: 11), had been seized and cast into prison by the order of that Herod Antipas (Matt. xiv: 3). A true forerunner of the Messiah to the very end, he suffered death as Christ himself did for pointing out to man the way of rectitude; but he won his crown by a martyr's death. Here we have the beginning of the end of the Baptist's career. His ministry blends into Christ's as the dawn opens into the day. There is no note of failure in his brief prophetic valedictory, "*He (Christ) must increase, but I must decrease*" (John iii: 30); it is rather a joyful recognition of the will and purpose of God. He passes out of sight, but his end is glorious with the consciousness of accomplished duty, and how touching are the closing scenes of that desert life as here recorded. He had been preaching one day in his accustomed place, bearing record that Jesus was the Son of God, when Christ passed along, "and looking upon Jesus as he walked, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God." Prophet or preacher, his highest duty was to point out the Saviour to others. It was so then; it is so now; man can do no more glorious deed than show the Saviour to those who see him not.

Following Jesus (35-37). It was a marvelously impressive scene, that in the desert; John, the last and the greatest of the prophets of the old dispensation; Christ, the first and greatest of the new; and the two disciples, the first apostles of the Christian Church. The disciples here spoken of were Andrew (as we learn from verse 40) and John, the writer of the Gospel. But what a precious moment it must have been for them. They had heard so much of this Christ that was to come; the Messiah had been so constantly the theme of the Baptist's preaching that they probably longed to see him, that they might learn of him, and perhaps follow him afar off. Did it ever enter their thoughts as they looked for him that possibly they might not live to see his day? Are there not many now who are waiting for the coming of the Lord, and looking earnestly and prayerfully, yet have a vague sense of remoteness in their hope? They seem to think the world is not ready for his coming. Outwardly, Judea was no more ready for Christ than the world is to-day, but in the hearts of his people it is otherwise. But when at length their teacher, the Baptist, looking upon him whom he recognized as the Lamb of God from the Spirit's abiding on him, points to him, then the supreme hour of their lives had come, and they knew their Lord. They heard John's testimony, and followed Jesus. Let us remember they followed Jesus at this time not as disciples following the Teacher, but as men conscious of their need of redemption following the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. These two disciples were Jews; they knew the connection between "a lamb," and the "taking away of sins." It was no figurative speech to them. All their lives they had been trained to look upon the sacrifices of the altar as the means by which sin was taken away. That God should choose Jesus as *the great sacrifice for sin* may not have been so clear to them then, but there was no getting away from the testimony that he, this Lamb of God, was to remove the sin of the world. But more than that, he was the great Teacher of heavenly truth. John and Andrew understood perfectly their Master's meaning, and so they followed Jesus. There was no turning away from the former teacher; it was, rather, obeying him in seeking to go on to higher knowledge. Did they not realize later that this had been the turning point of their lives? Does any one ever regret the first step they took in following the Saviour when he was pointed out to them? How many can say, "Where he leads me I will follow," whether on the hard road of tribulation as the Man of Sorrows, or on the green pastures as our Gentle Shepherd.

Abiding with Jesus (Vs. 38-40). At a respectful distance, probably, they follow, as if desirous of a closer walk with him, yet without obtrusiveness. As they pass along, the new Teacher turns round, and, seeing them, asks the question, "*What seek ye?*" Ah, Christ knows all that are trying to follow him. He sees every step taken in his direction, and the question, "What seek ye?" is not for the sake of turning any away, but only for the purpose of giving the seeking soul an opportunity to confess its longing desire to be with him. And the confession comes: "Master"; at once an acknowledgement of their humility and devotion. "Where dwellest thou?" To be with him, to listen to the words that fall from such a teacher's lips, to drink in the wisdom that is of God—surely this were the highest wish of real, earnest disciples. But there was something deeper than that even. There was a spiritual recognition between these disciples and the Lord. Like many others who came within the range of the Saviour's voice in after years, they felt their souls stirred within them, and a power which they perhaps could not well define was drawing them after him. It was the Spirit's leading that made them follow Christ. "Where dwellest thou?" A passing look is not enough; such periods as disciples sit at their teacher's feet were all too short—we would ever wish to remain in thy presence and learn of thee. They were still John the Baptist's disciples. They were not yet formally called to the discipleship of Christ—this was only the beginning of their acquaintance with the Saviour. Their call to be apostles was given later in Galilee (Matt. iv: 18). They were showing their love for the Saviour, and that was well, but he was to choose them (John xv: 16). Their faith and love is rewarded, as always. God honors the seeking soul. "*Come and see*" is the answer they get. "They went and abode with him that day." Late, but welcome. The soul that finds Christ as the Lamb of God, the Saviour, never wants to leave him. It will abide with him forever, for in his "presence is fullness of joy," and at his "right hand there are pleasures for evermore" (Ps. xvi: 11).

Bringing others to Jesus (Vs. 41-46). Christ finds disciples. They seek out and find their friends and hasten to tell them how they have found the Saviour, and have been found by him. They are keeping within their own circle, probably because they knew that these were devoutly waiting for the consolation of Israel, too, though being fishermen they had to ply their occupation. But no sooner did Andrew find the Saviour than he brings Peter, his brother; so too, Philip, being called, finds Nathanael, and brings him to the Saviour, and already we have in this humble beginning Christ the foundation, and apostles the pillars, of the Christian Church. To the outward world only a new rabbi, seeking out disciples; but in the sight of God the small beginning of mighty results, for to this small company of lowly disciples, with their Divine Teacher, the world is indebted for the gospel of salvation. But let us note particularly the faith of these newly-called disciples. The announcement of Andrew to his brother Peter is, "We have found the Messiah, the Christ." No doubt about the identity of Jesus exists in the speaker's mind. It was not we think we have found him, but we have found him. The certainty of faith after all, is the substance of things hoped for; so, also, with Philip to Nathanael, we have found him of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth. Oh, how these disciples grew in wisdom under the teaching of that Teacher, yet, withal, how slow were their minds at first in grasping the truths he came to teach! This was the same Philip who said to Christ, "Show us the Father." This was the Peter who denied his Lord. And yet how these things ought to teach us that with all our stumblings and imperfections Christ can take us and by the Spirit's help make us his living epistles known and read of men!

Acknowledging Jesus as Son of God (Vs. 47-49). The effect produced upon one who has been brought to a knowledge of Christ is very well illustrated in the case of Nathanael here. This Nathanael was a devout Jew who seems to have been imbued with a spirit of righteousness and piety. The recommendation he receives from Christ marks him as a good man; and yet, notice the questioning doubt, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" But look at this same man when he is brought into the presence of Christ. Come whence he may, Nazareth, or Bethlehem, or anywhere, his doubts vanish and his faith bursts forth into the exclamation, "Thou art the Son of God, the King of Israel." Why was it? Probably Nathanael resorted to the fig tree, and under its shade in secret prayer besought the God of Israel to visit his people. Before that Philip called him hence, Jesus saw him, and Nathanael may have seen in the Christ before him the answer to his prayer which he offered under the fig tree immediately before. Happy Nathanael, not because he is pronounced free from guile, but thrice happy because he has found the Saviour; and such happiness remains to-day for all who see the Saviour in like earnestness and faith, for the promise is given, "Seek and ye shall find" (Luke xi: 9).

CUTICURA for the HAIR

Luxuriant hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp, free from irritating and scaly eruptions, is produced by CUTICURA SOAP, the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world. Price, 25c. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," free.

W. W. CHASE & CO.
Commission, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HAY AND GRAIN
AT OLD STAND,
1912 MARKET STREET
SAN FRANCISCO

BLYMYER BELLS
FOR CHURCH, SCHOOL, FIRE ALARM, ETC.
CATALOGUE WITH OVER 2500 TESTIMONIALS.
JAMES LINFORTH, SOLE AGENT PACIFIC COAST.
—37 MARKET ST.— SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES & PEALS
Is the World.
PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN.)
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS.
MANUFACTURED BY E. MENEELY & CO. WEST TROY, N.Y.
PUREST BELL METAL. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C.O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1359 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A.M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6.30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH — South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

PARK CHURCH—416 Devisadero St. Rev. Horace W. Houlding, Pastor, esidence 8½ Alpine St. Sunday serviees; 11 A. M. 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school: 3: P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening: 7:30.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Rev. John G. Eckles, pastor; residence, corner Sadowa and Capitol Sts. Preaching at 11 A. M. Sunday-school at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school at 2:30 P. M.

SEVENTH-AVENUE CHURCH — Corner Seventh and Clement ave. Sunday preaching, 7:30 P.M., by Rev. Philip Coombe, pastor; residence, 3335 Washington street. Sunday-school at 3 P. M., F. K. Houston Superintendent.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL — Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. Preaching Sunday, at 11 A.M., by Rev. Philip Coombe. John H. Kemp, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

BETHLEHEM CHURCH—Vermont street, near Twenty-fourth street. Rev. W. H. Tubb, pastor; residence, 1111 Rhode Island street. Services on Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.; Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Congregational Associates.—President—Stephen S. Smith, No. 7 Montgomery avenue. Secretary and Treasurer—James E. Ager, 508 Clay street.

W. H. M. U. for Southern California.—President, Mrs. Emma Cash, 1658 Temple street, Los Angeles, Vice-Presidents—For Los Angeles and Orange Counties, Mrs. G. R. Thomas, Pasadena; for Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties, Mrs. R. F. Bingham, Santa Barbara; for San Diego County, Mrs. G. W. Marston, 1210 Ash street, San Diego. For San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, Mrs. H.A. Lucas, San Bernardino. Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Pasadena Treasurer, Mrs. Mary M. Smith, Public Library, Riverside Superintendent of Young People's Work, Mrs. Jacob Horton, Lordsburg. Superintendent of Children's Work, Mrs. W. H. Dwight, Pasadena. Superintendent of Literature, Mrs. Alison C. Blaikie, South Los Angeles.

Northern California Woman's State Home Missionary Society. — President—Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 478 Edwards street, Oakland, Cal. Treasurer—Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland, Cal. Recording Secretary—Mrs. M L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco. Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. E. M. Howard, 911 Grove street, Oakland, Cal.

Southern Branch of Woman's Board of Missions of the Pacific.—President—Mrs. Anna S. Averill, 1635 Rockwood avenue, Los Angeles. President's Assistant—Mrs. J. H. Harwood, Claremont. Vice-President, L. A Dist.—Mrs Maria G. Phillips, 1300 Carroll avenue, Los Angeles. Vice-President San Ber'd'o Dist—Miss Sarah M. Mead, San Jacinto. Home Secretary—Mrs. Caroline C. Thomas, 153 Terrace Drive, Pasadena. Foreign Secretary—Mrs. A. L. McPherson, Redlands. Treasurer—Mrs. F. A. Miller, Riverside. Superintendent C. E. Work—Mrs. Jacob Horton, Lordsburg. Superintendent Children's Work—Mrs. Isabella Scott, Ontario. Superintendent Literature—Mrs. Alison C. Blaikie, South Los Angeles.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.—President—Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Vacaville. Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. S. Smith, 1704 Geary St., San Francisco. Home Secretaries—Mrs. I. E. Dwinell, 461 E. 14th St., Oakland; Mrs. H. H. Cole, 309 Sanchez St., San Francisco; Mrs. J. H. Warren, Honorary. Foreign Secretary—Mrs. Charles W. Farnam, Fruitvale, Alameda Co. Treasurer—Miss Bessie Merriam, 1418 Franklin street, Oakland. All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1722 Geary street, San Francisco.

BENEVOLENT ORGANIZATIONS.

Young Men's Christian Association.—232 Sutter street. H. J. McCoy, Secretary.

Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thursdays—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President, Miss Mary A. Harris; Vice-President, Martha W. Shainwald; Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham; Secretary, Harriet Jacobson.

Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

Congregational Ministerial Relief Society.—President — Rev. J. C. Holbrook, D.D. Secretary—Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D.

Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society.—Boston and Chicago. Secretary—Rev. Geo. M. Boynton, D.D. Treasurer—E. Lawrence Barnard. Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, Superintendent for Central and Northern California; 735 Market street, S. F.

Congregational Home Missionary Soc'y. Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. J. B. Clark, Rev. William Kincaid, Rev. Washington Choate. Treasurer—W. B. Howland, Esq. Superintendent Northern California and Nevada—Rev. J. K. Harrison, 735 Market street; residence, 1005 Capp street, San Francisco. Supt. Southern California—Rev. J. T. Ford, Los Angeles.

American Missionary Association.—Bible House, Astor Place, New York. Secretaries—Rev. M. E. Strieby, D.D., Rev. A. F Beard, D.D., Rev. F. P. Woodbury, D.D. Treasurer—H. W. Hubbard, Esq Western District Secretary—Rev. J. E. Roy, D.D., 152 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

California Chinese Mission.—Auxiliary to the American Missionary Association. Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D., President. Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D., 418 Bartlett street, San Francisco, Secretary.

The Congregational Church Building Society.—Secretary, Rev. L. H. Cobb, DD., 59 Bible House, New York. Treasurer—H. O Pinneo, 59 Bible House, New York. Secretary—H. H. Wikoff, 1009 Green street, San Francisco.

American Board C. F. M.—Missionary Rooms, Congregational House, Boston. Secretaries—Rev. N. G. Clark, D.D., Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D., Rev. Judson Smith, D.D. Treasurer—Langdon S. Ward. General Agent for the Pacific Coast — Rev. Walter Frear, PACIFIC office, 7 Montgomery Ave, S. F.

Missionary Society of the Swedish Congregational Churches.—Rev. C. A. Bjork 10 Whitting street, Chicago.

H. Le Baron Smith.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
323 Bush St., S. F.,
Will endeavor to please any who would want suit of clothing made to order.
Always in OXFORD, NOVA SCOTIA, HOMESPUN stock, manufactured from PURE WOOL.
If we do not have in stock the particular pattern our customer wants, we will go with him to the wholesale cloth houses, where he can obtain the best selection in San Francisco to choose from. Fifteen per cent. discount to clergymen.
323 BUSH STREET, S. F.,
H. Le Baron Smith.
Genuine Hand Woven and Hand Spun Goods, now in stock.

FOR A KIT OF DELICIOUS MACKEREL, OR A PACKAGE OF FINE OLIVES, OR AN ASSORTMENT OF PURE SPICES AND FINE GROCERIES
CALL ON
S. FOSTER & CO.
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE GROCERS
26 and 28 California Street
SAN FRANCISCO.

C. B. PARCELLS,
— AND —
Wilshire Safe & Scale Co.
AGENTS FOR PACIFIC COAST
No. 6 California St., - San Francisco

DIEBOLD SAFE & LOCK CO.
FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES AND VAULT DOORS.
C. B. Parcells and Wilshire Safe & Scale Co.
NO. 6 CALIFORNIA ST.
Also Agents for Buffalo Scale Co. Safe and Scales of All Kinds Repaired.

BLAKE, MOFFITT & TOWNE
Importers and Dealers in
BOOK, NEWS, WRITING AND WRAPPING
P-A-P-E-R-S
CARD STOCK, STRAW and BINDERS' BOARD, ETC.
Manufacturers of Patent Machine-made Paper Bags.
512 to 516 Sacramento and 519 Commercial Sts., San Francisco.

FRED WILSON
Merchant Tailor
A Full Line of Foreign and Domestic Goods.
Fifteen per cent. discount to clergymen.
610 MONTGOMERY STREET.
N. E. cor. Merchant St.
SAN FRANCISCO, - - - CAL.

Mineral Land Agency
Academy of Sciences Building.
819 MARKET STREET, ROOM 45.
SAN FRANCISCO.
G. L. BROWN, Manager

LAKE & CO.
411 Sacramento St., San Francisco
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
Clothes Wringers, Carpet Sweepers
Brushes, Feather Dusters and Woodenware
AT WHOLESALE.

The Pacific.

$2.50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
No. 7 Montgomery Av., San Francisco, Cal.

TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us $7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay $2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Wednesday, August 8, 1894.

Subscribers who are in our debt will oblige the busy publishers of THE PACIFIC by sending in the money as promptly as they can, without waiting for the bill or the personal call Let us help one another.

It is one of the special tenets of the age that difficulties between employers and employes should be arbitrated. That is a very Christian idea. In our Congregational interpretation of the primitive polity, we have devised councils on purpose to bring about a friendly and equitable understanding when disputes and grievances arise. That is our way by eminence. Naturally, we should wish to carry this method farther. But compulsory arbitration is a step beyond us. The adjective and noun do not seem to agree together. It is another tenet that wages should now be determined on the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that his wage should be the living wage. That is eminently the result to be attained. It is good Christianity. But can a selfish employer be compelled by law to give what is worthy? Can law fix what a living wage is? Can the California Legislature, for example, prescribe the price that the orchardist shall obtain for his apricots? He ought to get such a price as will keep his family in comfort. Is it therefore possible to ensure it by any legal contrivance? The Christian law of love, if enshrined in the great majority of hearts, would go far towards this. The spirit of sacrifice, of which the cross is the symbol, if ascendant in any community, would wonderfully promote equitable wages and prices, no doubt. But can the law of love be enforced? What social adjustment is there that will, of itself, put in operation the sacrificial spirit? Most likely, we shall have to rely, after all, on that foolishness of which Paul was not ashamed—preaching; that is, the proclamation of the full Christian message. Never was there a time when the art of "putting the things" of the gospel needed masters more than now. Never did the world need more than now the grace from on high that gives the message power over the life.

An editor of a denominational organ, who looked in upon the Endeavorers in convention at Cleveland, remarks upon the fact that one who had many years' experience in "our large gatherings" saw "more of our members present in the denominational rally" during the Endeavor Convention than he had ever seen at one time before. That is, this young people's meeting was more successful in gathering the members of that particular group of churches than one of its own general conventions was. Is it young blood that does it all? This editor thinks it was the tireless energy of the men who provided the program and made the arrangements. He also thinks it was the fact that these thousands paid their own way, and did not receive free accommodation. Whatever may be the explanation of the phenomenon, one cannot help thinking about it. Surely, there ought not to be on the part of the members of any particular group of churches any greater interest in a convention of its young folks than in a year's convention of its own, where the whole work of all its members, young and old, passes in review.

For, of course, it is well understood by those most deeply enlisted in these various subordinate organizations that spring up in our time, that they are not intended to draw away and absorb into themselves the enthusiasm and activity of those who join them. They are neither rivals nor substitutes for the local churches, nor for the conferences of the churches. Loyalty to the local church is a fundamental point in them, as it is a distinct pledge. At Cleveland, under the head of "What Has Junior Endeavor Done for the Church," the following are among the answers given: "In our church they attend morning service in a body." "They pay regular contributions for church purposes." "They are the best every-day workers, raising money and bringing men and women into church, and boys and girls into the Sunday-school." If that be the spirit in the juniors, what may we not expect in the seniors? Where that temper prevails, then may we read in the reports of the General Association at Grass Valley and at other places in successive years: "More Congregational Endeavorers were present than we remember to have seen in any State convention of their own body."

That is a specially hopeful effort that is making to enlist the Young People's Societies of Endeavor in the great missionary enterprises at home and abroad. Nothing so expands the heart and deepens the whole intellectual life of a young disciple as participation in the missionary undertaking. It is a pleasure to be told that during the last twelve months $135,000 have been sent to the various treasuries for missions from the Endeavor Societies. At least 700 Congregational societies have sent contributions within six months to the American Board alone, amounting to nearly $11,000. Probably all the causes of benevolence will be trying to tap this new spring. If the Sunday-school and Publishing Society makes application, why not the Home Missionary Society likewise? So all the seven will be catching the ear as fast as they can. That may remind some at first of the comparison of the horse-leech, and they may be inclined to think that Christian Endeavor is rather a larger draft on their resources than they supposed. That is really a blessed discovery to find that it means more and more, more life and fuller.

NOTES.—The proposition to repeal the act excluding the Jesuits from the German Empire, which was carried some time ago in the Reichstag, has been rejected by the Federal Council.——It is a tribute to the Sunday-school Institution that now, after having been looked upon with disfavor among Roman Catholics, the Archbishop of Paris commends it to the clergy of his diocese over the bay. The theosophists have adopted it.——Speaking of the prospect that soon the Presbyteries in China will be united and perfected by the formation of a General Assembly, an exchange remarks: "The apostolic system transplants well." Well, our brother, Dr. Pond, lately stigmatized the term apostles in "The Apostles' Creed" as a "forgery"! We do not remember just when the General Assembly did meet in the first century.——The Rev. Dr. Perrin, who has labored as a Universalist missionary in Japan for awhile, has concluded to resume work in Boston instead.

"Up to the point of violence," the San Francisco correspondent of the *Advance* says: "The sympathy here was generally with the strikers." So up to the point of the Coxeyite collapse cities and towns and some Governors of States gave aid and comfort to the wandering folly. The query is whether it would not have been more real and more substantial sympathy to have discouraged these movements before the point of violence and folly had been reached. Anybody can give the cold shoulder to an enterprise when it is on its last legs.

The steerage passage on the great steamers across the Atlantic has been reduced to $10. This does not cause the steerage to be crowded so much to America as from it. Hundreds gather on the wharves in New York city when the steamers sail away for whom there is no room on board. A strange and very unusual condition of things, most surely! Multitudes of people are not sorry that the tide has turned. Europeans have crowded too rapidly into this country. But have those people found out that they can live better in the old countries, from whence they came, than here? How is this? Is it true? And if so, what makes it true? It is often said that one can live better on a small income in Europe than he can in America. And so, many who have obtained small fortunes may be among these who are returning, to make their income go farther in the old home; and others are taking advantage of the low fares to visit the fatherland. But is it true that not only a small income will go farther in Europe than here, but also that one can acquire money as well there as here in these hard times? It looks that way.

The recent International Convention of the Y. P. S. E. at Cleveland was especially marked in kindling among its members the missionary spirit as an essential element in the Christian life. In regard to this, the *Herald* says:

More and more is attention paid to this subject, both as a method of developing Christian life and as supplying the needs of the missionary boards. The results are most gratifying. Take our own Board for illustration. Within the six months since January last, not less than 700 Christian Endeavor societies have sent contrbutions to our treasury, amounting in all to nearly $11,000. This shows a distinct advance upon the contributions from this source for the twelve months of 1893, which amounted to $13,535. The offer of the United Society to place upon a "Roll of Honor" at Cleveland all societies contributing the sum of $10 each for the missionary work of any of the denominational Boards, foreign or home, has led to a request from 5,552 societies for such enrollment. Already there have been reported as contributing within the last twelve months to the various denominational Boards from the societies in the United States the sum of $135,490.99, while gifts through other channels, or not reported, would greatly swell this amount. Surely, this is a noble record. But its chief value, in our view, consists not so much in the amount of funds contributed, helpful though they have been, as in turning the thoughts of young people in the direction of missionary enterprise.

We are a denomination, and it is not to our disadvantage to say so. We have a long and honored history, free from bigotry and vitalized by the spirit of truth. One by one our splendid benevolent societies are substituting the word "Congregational" for the word "American." We are not one whit less American in doing this, and we may not be one iota more Congregational. The American Education Society, at its annual meeting, voted unanimously "to drop the word American" from its name and place the word "Congregational" in its stead. Thousands of young men, and among them some of the foremost preachers of the century, have been assisted by this Society to obtain that education without which they could not have occomplished one tithe as much for Christ and his Church. All hail! Congregational Education Society, and may the churches, in the future, as in the past, yea, more, contribute their cheerful gifts to help on its work! W.

"A large number of the members of the British House of Commons (105) have sent out a circular to the editors of prominent daily papers asking them to cease their war on society; that is, to cease demoralizing the people by reporting sensational stories of crime and brutality, and in other ways inflaming the sensual nature of men."

If such action is needed toward English newspapers, how much more need is there of such criticism and corresponding action in this country. We have long held that the most demoralizing agency among us for all the people is the sensational, scavenger-gathering daily paper. Such a paper goes everywhere, and is read by young and old. It is unlike the theater, dog-fight, saloon, etc., which are patronized only by classes of the people. These papers encourage and beget a morbid taste. They gather accounts of murders and suicides, which lead to further crime and brutality.

Belmont school opens its new year August 6th. There are yet scholarships not taken. These afford material assistance to young men of ability who are desirous of getting the best preparation for college. The school has never been in so good condition for thorough and extensive work as at present. The improvements are now fully completed, the last addition being an electric plant, which is in successful operation. With an able corps of teachers and appliances almost ideally perfect, this school presents great attractions to parents who have boys to train.

The trustees of Iowa College appointed a committee to consider the utterances of Professor Herron, and in their report, after a full and frank discussion with him, they say that, although they are in sympathy with the object for which his chair was established and with his main thought, they yet disapprove of some of his teachings, and think many of his expressions might have been left unsaid, and thus the loss of friends to the College might have been avoided.

Miss Jane E. Evans, who has been a missionary of the American Board for twenty years in Tungcho, Peking, China, sailed yesterday on the *Gaelic* for her field of labor. Miss Evans has been taking a furlough of a year in this country, and has delivered over one hundred addresses on the work in China.

Rev. R. H. Sink gave us a call yesterday. He and Mrs. Sink are on their way to Lake county for their vacation. We hope to report in THE PACIFIC good hunting of bear and deer. The Stockton church will be closed as usual during the vacation.

The receipts of gold at the Denver mint for the past week amounted to $168,124.50, against $44,541.89 for the corresponding week last year.

EIGHT DAYS AMONG THE DAIRYMEN OF KANE COUNTY, ILL.

BY EVANGELIST K. A. BURNELL.

A student pastor invited me so importunately to a second campaign among the people of his district that I yielded, with the clear understanding that the house-to-house service should be of those beyond his township, six miles square, and so lift on Sunday-school extension lines in the townships that bound his local field of labor. The Sunday-school life of our royal commonwealth of Illinois, in the agricultural districts, embraces the townships of thirty-six square miles. Pastors who believe in and live for the children, Sunday-school pastors, have their townships on their hearts. The Vice-President of the township is supposed to be the man and "pastor of the town," as reads a tombstone in Vermont.

These six miles square have two and three preaching places—occasionally four—and each church or schoolhouse has its fairly good Sunday-school; half to two-thirds of them hold through the winter. The quality of the teaching turns upon the pastors' and superintendents' love of the Word and ability to teach it.

The student pastor impressed me as a man of deep spirituality and singleness of aim. It requires some generalship on the part of any pastor to look out of his six miles and find districts where home Sunday-schools can be established, and the people under his pastoral guidance maintain them. I studied the region with thoroughness on my former visit, at the year's beginning.

The pastor asked a week's postponement of my time, which I was able to give with an emphatic letter of notification and preparation. It came about that three excellent lay workers from forty miles distant, Chicago, had the time at the two churches, doing excellently, but not what should have been, as the first day (and Sunday) of the campaign.

Monday morning, as he stepped into the buggy, lines in hand, he said: "Where shall we go?" I was simply distressed to hear that he had made no preparation whatever; indeed, no idea as to districts, or individuals to cultivate them. Of course, Monday was all given to getting ready—a very poor ready—as work was to have begun that day, with its evening "home Sunday-school" session. That day was a painful one, doing, trying to do, what ought to have been done two or three weeks before. With some degree of fairness and promise, plans were laid for Wednesday and Thursday, house to house work, with the first session of the Home Sunday-school. Tuesday morning the pastor, 10 A. M., drove to the door with a man past seventy years of age, who, in putting the "fine cut" into his mouth, told how, more than fifty years ago, he learned to chew for the toothache, and had chewed up more than $1,500, saying nothing of the interest money. With an amazing frankness he told of his wife's distress at the vileness of the habit, and often being sick even to fainting, because of the poisoned atmosphere. Out and in to that buggy for seven hours I endured that stench, going from house to house, to win to Christ. The Home Sunday-school inaugurated that evening was delightful and promising in every direction. It was all on the come-to-stay basis; thirty-one homes visited.

Wednesday morning the gifted, cultured and hard-working lady superintendent of the Central Union Sunday-school was the companionable and wise driver and co-laborer of the day, and visitor of the thirty-one families—a sympathizing associate and co-laborer, willing to offer prayer in the families and take the canvass book. The beautifully printed questions, "Children in Sunday-schools," "Children not in," "Teachers visit pupils," "Boys converted," "Girls converted," "Mother Christian," "Mother in Sunday-school," "Father Christian," "Father in Sunday-school," "Family altar." The charming Sunday-school superintendent of the grace and dignity of twenty-five summers follows along these heart-touching, friendly and companionable questions in winsome manner. What fitness in short importunate prayer closing such an interview! Even such delicacy of approach and wise movement upon the heart by the extreme of womanly loveliness may be repelled.

A middle-lifed maiden housekeeper, somewhat busy in her cooking department, was disturbed at being asked these questions, and did not seem willing to yield even to a reasonable "in honor preferring one another." I watched the process as the refiner gazes upon the melting gold in the mouth of the blazing furnace. I saw Mrs. Potter Palmer in her marvelous management and leadership of women at the World's Fair; but that had no special reference to Him who led the woman at the well, as we read in John's Gospel. The housekeeper was almost, yes quite, unladylike. It was a little difficult, in looking on, not to come to the young woman's relief. I ventured to ask if she wished us to go. She made no reply. I led in a few words of prayer, and we arose and thanked her for allowing us to come in. She looked mortified and ashamed. It's something to say that this is the first repellant atmosphere in our nineteen hundred evangelistic house-to-house efforts. The Evening Home Sunday-school was instructive in all directions. Of the thirty-one visits during the day, two responded to the evening service. "Sow by the side of all waters, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or both be alike good."

Thursday Morning.—It is the beginning of the haying season, and the closing of plowing corn, and the corn has averaged a growth of fully two inches per day the past week. It is almost unheard of in its rapidity, and now, June's last days, the valleys are literally covered over with corn, and the pastures in the cow-abounding region are always clothed with herds. The horses are, like the men, hard at work, and long days, but I have willing feet, if the mercury is in the nineties. In my thirty-third year I left house-building and architecture, after seventeen years of business intensity, promising the King as many hours duty in his service.

Horse force failed for the forenoon; in the afternoon two girls fourteen or fifteen years were the drivers and associate workers. Of course, they rendered good service, and were delighted in it, as all of our young Christian Endeavorers would be instructed, interested and made courageous if older workers would lead them forth. As our Redeemer said of himself, "I am among you as he that serveth." The Home Sunday-school of that evening was really led by these two girls but just fairly into their teens. One played and sung charmingly, and all were delighted and instructed in the young life and its promising entry upon Christian work. The parents of these girls are so furnished in lives of splendid farming industry, and consistent in their Christian living, as to send the girls into a Christian life. My Christ-like New England parents, in all things pertaining to Christ's work, were to me in the largest sense a college and theological seminary.

Friday morning the good farmer wanted to be excused; thought one of his girls would be as well; but the wise and womanly mother did the driving, and was in deep sympathy. Sometimes the housekeeper would come out (we managed it so) and stand by the buggy while the questions were answered, and "Mother Christian" made the atmosphere evangelistic, and the out-door season was closed with prayer. The Prince Immanuel did all this, and in all kinds of ways, and showed us each and all how to work, and how to do, as He did, save he had no money, and often "not where to lay his head." To secure attention and really move the heart I had illustration this afternoon. It was near tea-time; the reserved, middle-aged mother came from the garden with a nice dish of luscious red and black raspberries. I always shrink in the presence of a woman who is conscious of superiority, and carries an atmosphere of "you intrude." I was deferential; I in my haste to do for Him, and give him the room that is his right, may sometimes leave the impression that my anxiety is intrusive. The berries were for supper, and she had berries in her heart, in her mind and brain. The house was "spic and span," the berries were gently moved (almost one by one) from the dish as they came from the garden, to the small individual plates. She listened, she heard, she was not deaf, but her eye was on the berries. Gently, I said, "Mother Christian," and waited and waited. Not a word. The taper fingers of a charmingly-moulded hand gracefully moved the red berries, one by one, to see that in every sense they were palatable. "Mother in the Sunday-school." No response. And still I waited and looked at her down-cast face, and apparently intense study of red berries. The fourth and the fifth plate of berries were passed out, as the detailed housekeeper moved along. "It is love, madam, nothing but love," said the visitor, and the sixth plate was passed out. These evangelistic visits must close with prayer, almost always. Confusion must abound in the house if a half-minute of petition, or quarter-minute, cannot come in. I said my mother prayed over me in the trundle-bed, and I can't help it, and offered broken sentences, with a well-nigh broken heart. Opening my eyes, the seventh, and last plate, was passed out, and the long, slim fingers of the graceful hand were still. The berries were prepared for the table, and the prayer was over. The heavy eyebrows, and inviting and strong face of a restaurant keeper's wife made us most welcome, and so simply told us of her boy and girl coming to Christ last winter. It came about that the little teen-entering girl came in at this moment, and so frankly said, "Yes, sir, I came to Christ last winter, and want my mamma to come to him," and threw her arms around her neck. How he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," must have smiled upon such a scene! The Home Sunday-school that evening was a suggestion and illustration of how to do Christ's work in the evening of burning days and under uncongenial surroundings.

Saturday Morning.—I've risen with and before the sun in June's longest days (and all days) more than a half-century. My farmer host in this instance was not up till six. What two hours of study I had among the birds, the friendly hens, the ducks, and the cud-chewing milk producers! The farm is the place for active Christian usefulness, as my parents happily illustrated. Saturday is my off-day, and in this heat—the mercury in the nineties all of the time—the corn has averaged two inches per day in growth every day; more than one hundred families visited. I need a change—with eight hours at the desk, with twelve pages of letters, and this long message to the much-loved PACIFIC.

Sunday Morning.—The time of times and place of places to get down deep into the Word of God is such a morning as this, from the matin song of the first bird (now 3:45) to a seven-o'clock breakfast in the country, and on a farm. The closing of this eight-day campaign is a township Sunday-school convention—10 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 4:30 P. M. Suggestive and instructive papers were presented upon "Teaching," "Soul-winning," "Deep Love of the Book," with stirring addresses upon the Kane county Sunday-scool work, and preparation for welcoming to us the State Sunday-school Convention next year. The last of the Evening Home Sunday-schools was at the residence of the re-elected township President, Simon Chaffee. His large and delightful Christian household, with his immediate neighbors and kindred, sang, listened to the Word, and enjoyed a foretaste of heaven. I am persuaded that this narrative is of his ordering. There surely is a marked divineness in its detail. I glory in him that such seed has been so promisingly sown. Faithfully,

"MORNING STAR" SUNDAY.

Owing to the postponement of the annual meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch to August 23d, the Sunday-schools which have decided to observe Morning Star Day have another week to complete their arrangements. Supplies of programs, envelopes and stock certificates can be obtained from Miss Williams, 969 Brush street, Oakland, and little boats will be sent to all schools asking for them. At the time of writing, August 2d, encouraging reports have been received from the following Sunday-schools: Grass Valley, Alameda, Corralitos, Suisun, Sacramento, Port Costa, Pescadero, Saratoga, Oroville, Haywards, Redwood, Auburn, Berkeley, Oleander, Lockeford, Los Gatos, Vacaville, Lewiston; San Francisco—First Congregational, Plymouth, Park, Third church, Bethlehem; Oakland—First church, Plymouth-avenue, Pilgrim.

A contribution of $7.70 has already been sent from the school at Benicia, the first fruits of the effort. How many others are expecting to swell the list?

THE YOUNG LADIES' BRANCH AND THE C. E. MISSIONARY EXTENSION COURSE.

These two organizations unite in inviting the young people of our Christian Endeavor Societies to attend the rally to be held in connection with the annual meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch, Thursday evening, August 23d, in the First Congregational church, San Francisco. Well-known and interesting speakers are expected to address the meeting, and good music will add to the enthusiasm of the occasion. Please remember the date, August 23d, and leave the night free from all local engagements.

The late Lord Coleridge was one of the men who profited by the years he spent in college. At Oxford, in 1840, he was one of a circle of young men called The Decade, which included Clough, Matthew Arnold, and Dean Church, and of the proceedings of which he afterwards said: "We met in one another's rooms. We discussed all things human and divine—we thought we stripped things to the very bone—we believe we dragged recondite truths into the light of common day, and subjected them to the scrutiny of what we were pleased to call our minds. We fought to the very stumps of our intellects, and I believe that many of us—I can speak for one—would generally admit that many a fruitful seed of knowledge was sown on those pleasant, if somewhat pugnacious evenings." "Fought to the very stumps of our intellects" is a picturesque expression, and worth remembering.—*Ex.*

ODDS IN FAVOR OF JAPAN.

TACOMA, August 6.—Captain W. R. Bridgeman, United States Navy, who has commanded the crusier *Baltimore* for the last two years, returned here to-night on two months' leave of absence, having left the *Baltimore* at Chemulpo, Corea, July 12th. He regards the Oriental war as an unequal contest, with odds largely in favor of Japan, which he says has a splendid navy, and an army as well organized as that of any European country. Japan, he thinks, is sure to win, unless China is given time to make war preparations on a gigantic scale. In his opinion, the Japanese Government has been endeavoring to force the war in order to detract attention from internal political dissensions.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The Sonoma Association will hold its next meeting at Sonoma on the 3d and 4th of next September. Each church is entitled to two delegates.
W. L. JONES, Scribe.

"Disestablishment in Wales" was the theme of a very pleasant and instructive address by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams at the last Monday Club. That is a very dear land to those who, like Dr. Williams, were born in it, and to our churches generally, in which we have so many good members from it. All who were at the Club will recognize more than ever the importance and the justice of "disestablishment," and will look with glad anticipations for the day of its consummation, for it is bound to come sooner or later. May it come sooner than we think, or dare to hope. The Club adjourned for two weeks on account of the Bay Conference next week. At that time "Vacation Experiences" will be the subject, to be opened by Rev. H. H. Cole.

The first church in this city was full last Sabbath evening, when Dr. C. O. Brown delivered his second lecture in the series upon "John Huss and Savonarola—Torches of Liberty—Reformers Before the Reformation." The subject next Sabbath evening will be "Martin Luther and the Great Reformation."

Nine persons, five by letter, united with Plymouth church last Sunday. Subject of the morning sermon, "Love and Loyalty"; the evening, "The Baptism of Jesus."

Mrs. Peake spent her third Sunday with the Fourth church, speaking only in the evening. Her subject was, "Why I Believe the Bible is the Word of God." The house was well filled. The meetings continue through this week, closing next Sunday evening. Several have expressed a desire to lead a Christian life.

Pastor Cole of Olivet church has returned refreshed and strengthened after two months' hard missionary work in Siskiyou county. In the morning he preached from John xvi: 33, and in the evening gave an account of his vacation work. During his absence the evening service was conducted by the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. Monday evening a social reception was given him and his wife by the church.

Rev. E. J. Dupuy, whose bi-weekly articles on socialism in the *Franco-Californien* have been noticed by French-reading Americans, will deliver a series of lectures in the French Reformed church rooms at 1110 Powell street, to begin on Sunday, August 12th, at 7:45 P. M. The subject will be "The Bible and Its Relationship With Social Life," divided in three parts, setting forth the various influences brought to bear upon society by the Bible and its teachings.

Six were received by letter to the Seventh-avenue church in the evening. So the good work goes on, with Rev. Philip Coombe as pastor.

Six were received to membership in Bethany church, two of them on confession.

Rev. Dr. McLean, having returned from his vacation, occupied his pulpit in the First church, Oakland. In the evening his topic was "By Sword or by Word; or, By What Method American Labor is Likely to Obtain Its Rights."

Rev. H. V. Rominger preached in the evening on "Hard Times and the Sure Remedy."

The summer meeting of the Bay Conference will be held in the Plymouth-avenue church, Oakland, next Tuesday, August 14th, beginning at 2 P. M., and continuing through the evening. The program includes "Three Independent Views of Professor Herron," by Revs. G. T. McCollum, W. W. Scudder, and H. H. Wikoff; "Sociology and Our Seminary," by Rev. J. K. McLean; "Sociological Movements Abroad," by Professor C. S. Nash.

Two were received by letter to the Market-street church. Rev. J. H. Goodell, the excellent pastor, now goes on his well-earned vacation.

Mr. Noel H. Jacks, who has been Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Portland for about five years, has been elected Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Oakland. He has resigned his position at Portland and will close his work there August 5th, and soon after come to Oakland. Mr. Jacks is a native of California, and went from this city to Portland. He will be welcomed back to the bay by many friends.

Revs. J. D. Foster of Lorin, and F. Watry of Byron are "exchanging" during their vacation.

Rev. F. B. Perkins supplied the First church, Berkeley, in the absence of Pastor George B. Hatch, who is enjoying his vacation.

"Passing on in Response to the Upward Call of God" was Pastor W. W. Scudder's subject in the First Alameda church. In the evening, Rev. T. H. Henderson preached on "Men and Institutions of the Times."

Our church at Auburn is being repainted and papered throughout the interior during the vacation of the pastor.

Rev. E. D. Hale preached at Vacaville, helping Pastor H. E. Jewett.

Rev. H. M. Tenney returned to his home and people in San Jose last week, after an extended trip in the East, having left for his journey in May. He visited Grinnell, Iowa, Cleveland, Ohio, and Wallingford, Conn., three of his former pastorates. There, and in many other places, he delivered illustrated lectures on "California." He reached his old home in Northern Vermont in time to attend the golden wedding of his father and mother. He went to Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and witnessed the graduation of his sister, who returned to this State with him, and is to be employed as a teacher in Mills College. He returned by the Canadian Pacific, the scenery along which he pronounces to be indescribably grand. "My lectures illustrative of the flowers, fruit and scenery of the valley, as well as of the homes and educational interests of California, were very kindly received, and everywhere called out expressions of greatest interest as to the State and its future. I am convinced that it only needs a proper presentation of the advantages of this portion of our State, in comparison with Southern California, to set a tide of immigration toward it from New England, and the central West. Many people suppose that Southern California and oranges are about all there is west of the Sierras, and are surprised at the presentation of facts concerning our fruit industries. Let them know the facts about our delightful valley, and it will become more and more the attractive spot in all our golden State, and gather the best people to occupy its fertile acres."

EASTERN.

Rev. E. P. Blodgett preached his first sermon in Greenwich, Mass., March 5, 1843, and his last July 29, 1894, having been pastor of the church fifty-one years. He was absent but once from his pulpit in forty-three years. The farewell sermon was one of pleasant recollections.

On July 22d Isaiah Wood was present, and sat in his usual seat in the house of worship of the church in Carthage, New York. The day before was his one hundredth birthday. He has been a professing Christian about eighty years.

The First church, Omaha, Rev. J. T. Duryea, pastor, on July 8th raised $13,500 to apply on the indebtedness of its house of worship. It was a big lift.

Rev. W. A. Rand has been pastor of the church in South Seabrook, New Hampshire, since its organization, twenty-seven years ago.

A church has been organized in Glenwood, the western part of Hartford, Conn., among the factories.

Several churches at the East have societies that take children to the country for an airing.

The second church, Ossipee, New Hampshire, was organized with fourteen members July 7th.

A new church was organized at East Barre, Vt., July 24th.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese Mission, acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts from June 30th to August 1, 1894:

I. From local missions:	
Fresno — Chinese monthly offerings, $3.05; anniversary pledges, $18	$21 05
Hanford — Chinese monthly offerings, $2.25; annual membership, $12	14 25
Los Angeles—Chinese monthlies, $2.40; anniversary pledges, $31.20	33 60
Marysville—Chinese monthlies, $7.25; anniversary pledges, $20 50	27 75
Oakland—Chinese monthlies, $10; annual members, $8	18 00
Oroville—Chinese monthlies, $2; anniversary pledges, $2.50; Congregational church Y. P. S. C. E.	9 50
Petaluma—Chinese monthlies, $1; A. B. Case, $6; others, $14	21 00
Riverside—Chinese monthlies, $2.10; anniversary pledges, $10	12 10
Sacramento—Chinese monthlies	8 25
San Bernardino—Chinese monthlies	4 70
San Diego—Chinese monthlies, $2.30; anniversary pledges, $12.15	14 45
San Francisco, Bethany church—Anniversary pledges	5 50
San Francisco, Central—Chinese monthly offerings, $6.05; annual members, $31; Rev. E. W. Stoddard and friend, $1.50	38 55
San Francisco, Barnes—Chinese monthly offerings, $1.50; annual members, $11	12 50
San Francisco, West—Chinese monthly offerings	2 75
Santa Barbara—Chinese monthly offerings, $3.15; anniversary offerings, $9; First Congregational church, $13.50.	25 65
Santa Cruz—Chinese monthly offerings, $6.20; anniversary offerings, $37.70	43 90
Stockton—Chinese monthly offerings, $3.25; anniversary offerings, $27.50	30 75
Ventura—Chinese monthlies, $2.25; annual memberships, $21	23 25
Total	$367 50
II. From individual givers:	
James M. Haven, Esq.	$25 00
Mr. and Mrs. James Shinn	10 00
Giles H. Gray, Esq.	5 00
Rev. Joseph Rowell	5 00
Mrs. Nellie M. Haskell	5 00
Total	$50 00
III. From Eastern friends:	
New Boston—N. H. Levi Hooper, Esq.	$50 00
Stockbridge, Mass.—Miss Alice Byington	81 00
South Braintree, Mass.—Rev. J. B. Sewall	25 00
Bridgeport, Conn.—Miss M. L. Blackley	20 00
New Haven, Conn.—Mrs. Henry Farnum	100 00
Total	$276 00
Grand total	$693 50

WM. JOHNSTONE, Treas. C. C. M.

FROM OREGON.

To-day closes the work of General Secretary Noel H. Jacks with the Y. M. C. A. of this city, a connection that has existed for nearly five years, resulting in much good to the cause of true religion, whereby every evangelical church in Portland has been more or less benefited, and a work that Mr. Jacks has performed with conspicuous ability and zeal. Last Friday evening a farewell reception was tendered him, and a large number of the city pastors and friends of all denominations assembled to give the parting hand.

The universal expression of the ministers was that, whether in the prayer services or in the pulpits, he always seemed a part of them, and they parted with him in great sorrow. Just before the reception closed, a handsome gold watch was given as a fitting testimonial of appreciation by his many friends, Mr. Charles L. Fay making an appropriate address.

The labors of Mr. Jacks here will endure as long as time shall last, and every member of every church at all familiar with, or interested in, the special phase of Christian effort represented by the Y. M. C. A., will count his departure a personal loss. Not only so, but throughout the Pacific Northwest he has been a tower of strength to the cause in general—first in having been Traveling Secretary for nearly two years before being called to this field; and, second, by the commanding influence he has always exercised in every annual convention through his intimate knowledge of the wants of the entire field; hence throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and British Columbia, his departure from our midst will be deeply and sincerely regretted.

The Oakland Association are to be warmly congratulated on securing such a genial, consecrated, and well-equipped General Secretary as Noel H. Jacks.

Soon after Mr. Jacks tendered his resignation, he suggested the name of Mr. Marion M. Meyers, General Secretary of the Tacoma Association, as a successor. The Board of Directors considered the matter and sent a call to Mr. Meyers, which in a short time was accepted. He will begin his work here about August 15th.

President Thomas McClelland of Pacific University, Forest Grove, and Superintendent Clapp, with their families, will spend the month of August at Gearhart Park, Clatsop Beach, south of Astoria. It is expected that a number of other Congregational ministers will join them. Principal Bates is superintending the building of a home. Rev. A. Rogers of the Forest Grove church has been given a month's absence, and this he will spend in the mountains. Asa B. Snyder and wife of Oakland, Cal., will spend their vacation with Mrs. Snyder's parents in Washington county, and his parents in the State of Washington. The new college building is being pushed forward with commendable speed. The basement is finished, and the first floor timbers are in position.

Last Sunday evening, in the prelude to his sermon, Dr. Wallace referred in plain and unmistakable language to the disgrace that had been visited upon Portland by the leading theater of the city in placing before the public a vile French play, with two persons of notoriously scandalous character in the leading parts. Among those in the church were the two Thespians referred to, and at the close of Dr. Wallace's remarks they abruptly arose and went out of the church. But few, if any, in the congregation up to that moment knew of their presence, and their action created quite a stir. After they had passed out, Dr. Wallace said in substance: "Careful inquiry, I think, will show that the people who have just left were the persons of whom I was speaking; I may possibly be mistaken, but I think I am not." There was nothing especially harsh in the criticism; in fact, he spoke in high terms of dramatic genius and good plays, but denounced in strong terms the impurities of the French school of drama. Two days later the floodgates of vituperation and misrepresentation were opened by the friends of theatrical performances, and one day two columns of such matter appeared in the daily paper, and for several days more or less reference has been made to it, editorially and by correspondence, mainly to make it appear that the actors in question were not in the church at all. Dr. Wallace has been wise enough not to "rush into print," and, hence, the "sensation" is about at an end.

Rev. Charles H. Curtis, Superintendent C. S. S. and P. S., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Hassalo-street church, and will begin his duties on September 1st.

On July 22d Rev. Hubert F. Burgess, pastor of the Congregational church at Auburn, Cal., was married to Miss Caroline Abernethy at Dora, Coos county, Oregon, by Rev. Chas. H. Curtis. The bride is the granddaughter of the late William H. Gray, a pioneer missionary helper of Dr. Whitman, and also of Hon. Geo. Abernethy, the provisional governor of Oregon.
GEO. H. HIMES.
PORTLAND, Aug. 5th.

To receive a blessing, bestow one.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Trenton, N. J., closed on July 1st its fifth season of popular meetings for men, which for the past five years have been held regularly Sunday afternoons, omitting the Sabbaths of July and August. The average attendance at this service per Sabbath from September 3d to July 1st, inclusive, was 1,063, which makes it the largest men's meeting in point of attendance in the country; 482 men professed conversion as a direct result of this service, of which the larger number have been placed in churches of Trenton and vicinity. The service took such a strong hold on the spiritual life of the young men of the community that the officers of the Young Men's Christian Association found it necessary to maintain through the winter an average of twenty-one religious meetings a week, all of them being either for the promotion of Bible study, the helping of young converts, or the enlisting of young men under the banner of the Lord Jesus Christ.

IF we can enter into the company of Christ and live there, then our unknown possibilities shall open to us, and in the light of those unknown possibilities we shall be able to despise and to escape from the baser things that cling to us. Do you remember how He went snapping this chain and that chain among the sons of men whom His life touched? Nicodemus came to Him, and the creed-bound Pharisee became the faith-clad man. Christ came to the poor Magdalen, and in her sin He touched her, and she lifted herself up and was free, not only from her sin, but from the tyranny of her dark remorse, and entered into His service, and by and by was with Him at His crucifixion. He came to twelve plain men, and touched their lives, and each and every one of those men became that which any one of us would give his life if he become—one of the apostles of the new redemption, one of the saviours of the world.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., writing from London for the *Evangelist*, says: "It had always been my custom to spend a Saturday afternoon with Mr. Spurgeon whenever I was in London. Last Saturday, by the invitation of Mrs. Spurgeon and her son, Thomas, I went down to their beautiful home at 'Westwood,' near the Sydenham Crystal Palace, and had a most cordial reception. When I went into the deserted study and saw the empty arm-chair in which the glorious man had sat for so many years, I could not keep back the tears. Mrs. Spurgeon wept also, when, after a few words of prayer, I bade her farewell. I was greatly charmed with Thomas Spurgeon's modest manliness and hearty cordiality. He looks like his illustrious father, except that he is a trifle taller; and has made a noble beginning in the Metropolitan Tabernacle. His trumpet has the true ring."

An item of news well worth recording is the completion of the Tehuantepec railroad from Salina Cruz on the Pacific to Coatzacoalcos on the Gulf of Mexico, a distance of 205 miles, and the highest grade but 700 feet above the sea. This road will cut off one-third of the distance from this city to New Orleans and one-fifth the distance to New York. This road has been built and will be operated by the government of Mexico, and President Diaz is quoted as saying that it will continue to be held as government property. The completion of such a new line of communication is ground for much rejoicing, and it will doubtless result in much good to the people of this Coast.

Professor Iverach says in the *British Weekly:* "Christianity is a religion of redemption, and yet, if Professor Drummond's view of evolution and its achievements is correct, is there any need of redemption?" Only in the perverted sense—we answer—of ethical culture, evidently, as it is employed by new theology men and socialists. There is no "ransom" for lost sinners by our Saviour's giving his life to that end, if Christian character, the Church, and even Christ himself are the natural product of evolution. The answer to the question in the *Weekly* grows clearer and more inevitable day by day. M.

The Devotional Committee of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association has secured the services of Rev. F. B. Pullan as teacher of the Saturday noon Bible class, for Sunday-school teachers and other Bible workers. The class is held every Saturday at 12:00 o'clock, and the International Sunday-school lesson for the following Sunday is always considered. Mr. Pullan is a very successful Bible teacher, and the classes during August should have a large attendance.

Chemulpo, the seaport of the capital of Corea, is on the west coast, thirty miles distant. It has a fairly good harbor, and will be the base of Japanese operations and the anchorage for the foreign ships of war. The bulk of foreign commerce centers there.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

"August Birds in Cape Breton" has the place of honor in the August *Atlantic*. In the third place stands Susan Coolidge's "The Girlhood of an Autocrat," the story of the famous Empress Catherine of Russia. Other papers are "The College Graduate and Public Life," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Some Evils of Our Consular Service," Cardinal Lavigerie in Northern Africa; "Professional Horsemen." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is cleanly, agreeable, beneficial and safe. It is the most elegant and the most economical of toilet preparations. By its use ladies can produce an abundant growth of hair, causing it to become natural in color, luster and texture.

ROOMS.—Persons wishing to rent desirable rooms in the best parts of San Francisco by the day, week, or month without board, at reasonable rates, please call at office of, or send to THE PACIFIC, 7 Montgomery avenue.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower, and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market street. Spring Hats, new flowers and ribbons. Low prices. Branch of the Wonder, 999 Market street.

MARRIED.

CANTWELL—DANN.—In this city, July 25, 1894, by Rev. W. D. Williams, Herbert C. Cantwell of San Francisco and Rose P. Dann of Oakland.

KEMP—BEANSTON.—At Plymouth church, in this city, by Rev. W. D. Williams, John H. Kemp and Miss Flora R. Beanston, both of San Francisco.

HOLLOWAY—ROBINSON.—In the city, August 1st, by Rev. John Kimball, Walter S. Holloway and M. Belle Robinson.

DIED.

HOUGH.—July 22d, at the home of her son, Rev. J. J. Hough, D.D., Berkshire, New York, Mrs. Emily W. Hough, aged 88 years; mother of Rev. J. W. Hough, D.D., of Santa Barbara, Cal.

HUMPHREYS.—In Etna, Siskiyou county, July 27, 1894, Annie D., wife of Mr. Charles E. Humphreys, aged 35 years.

She was born in Wales, and was an Episcopalian. She was buried from the Etna Congregational church, Rev. A. S. McLellan officiating.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

NO
Percentage
PHARMACY,
953 Market Street
Bet. Fifth and Sixth.
One of Our Customers. Five Doors above Hale Bros.

We were the FIRST to expose the practice of paying percentage to physicians. Bring your prescriptions to us and

Save at least from 50 to 75 Per Cent. on the Price.

Call and examine our immense stock of

Trusses, others ask $4 to $10	our price $1.75 to $5
Galvanic or Faradic Batteries	$5, $7, $10
Electric Belts	$5 00
Peake's Inhaler, the Celebrated Catarrh Cure.	1 50
Fountain Syringes—2 qt. 80c.; 3 qt. 90c.; 4 qt.	$1.00

☞A separate apartment for ladies, and a Physician always in attendance, who will give FREE CONSULTATION.

SAN FRANCISCO LAUNDRY
OFFICE: 33 GEARY ST.
TELEPHONE 5125.
S. F. BUFFORD, Manager

CHEAP PRINTING

1000 cards, 2½x3½, for business, etc	$1 50
500 circulars, 5x8, for socials, etc. etc.	1 75
50 elegant visiting cards, 75c; 100 for	1 00
Wedding Invitations and Announcements.	
"Y. P. S. C. E.," "B. B.," and "E. L." printing a specialty. Paper show-card signs for any purpose, 11x14	25

Country orders specially solicited at lowest S.F. prices
Send for complete price list.
ROBT. R. HILL, 724½ Market St., S. F.

EASY AND LOUNGING CHAIRS
At Lower Prices than ever before

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY:
(N. P. COLE & CO.)
117-123 Geary St., - San Francisco

Send for our catalogue. You ought to have it in your home.

TEN SECOND-HAND
UPRIGHT PIANOS
Five different makers—All in good order,
AT YOUR OWN PRICE.
A Square Piano from $50 upwards. Chapel Organs at a discount to Churches and Sunday Schools.
J. T. BOWERS & SON,
23 and 25 FIFTH ST.,
Opp. U. S. Mint, near Market Street, S. F.

JOHN HENDERSON, Jr.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER
—IN—
COAL.
☞Hotels, Restaurants, Families and Offices supplied at the lowest market rates.
No. 224 Eddy Street.
Bet. Taylor and Jones Sts.
Next to New Wigwam.
Telephone No. 8584

PIANOS A. L. BANCROFT & CO 303 Sutter St. SAN FRANCISCO.
Sold for Cash or on Installments. Pianos rented, tuned, repaired, moved or stored.
KNABE.—Pronounced by D'Albert, Von Bulow, Grunfield, and other renowned pianists, the best piano in existence.
HAINES.—Celebrated for purity and volume of tone, and extraordinary durability, and preferred by the world's famous prima donna, Adelina Patti.
BUSH & GERTS.—Strictly first-class in every particular, and at a very moderate price. It excels many pianos for which a much higher price is asked.
MILLER PARLOR ORGAN.—Elegant in design and finish, and unsurpassed in tone.
WILCOX & WHITE SELF-PLAYING SYMPHONY and full orchestra in itself. Call and see it, and listen to it.
303 Sutter St. S. F. **BANCROFT**

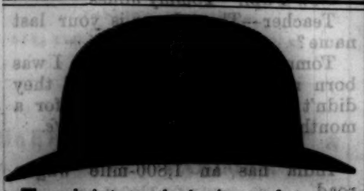
W. H. TILTON. JAS. CARROLL.
CARROLL & TILTON
DEALERS IN
GENTLEMEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING
FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES.
873 Market Street
Three doors east from Fifth St., San Francisco.

Searby's Pharmacy
400 Sutter St. Cor. Stockton
Is again owned and managed by
W. M. SEARBY
Alone. The very best Drugs and Pharmaceuticals are dispensed at as moderate charges as are consistent with the quality of the goods, and the care taken in their preparation.

WILL REMOVE TO Y. M. C. A. BUILDING ABOUT SEPTEMBER 1ST.
HAYES C. FRENCH, M.D.
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT
Office: 114 GEARY ST., San Francisco.
Hours: 11 to 12; 1 to 4. Telephone 166.

I LIKE MY WIFE TO
Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

NEAR THE STEAMER LANDING, FACING THE BEACH.
AVALON HOME,
Mrs. A. Wheeler, Manager.
Rates: $1.50 to $2.50 per day; $9, $10, $12 and $15 per week.
AVALON, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND



The only hat store having its own factory.

C. Herrmann & Co.
THE HATTERS,
328 KEARNY STREET.
(Entire Building)
Will give you better value in HATS or CAPS than any store in the city.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, mailed free.

Young Folks.

Mabel's First Peach.

To a little stranger from the North,
Who was timid and shy of speech,
We gave—the first she had ever seen—
A ripe, beautiful, downy peach.

We caught one glimpse of her big blue eyes,
From her drooping lashes beneath,
As into the peach's curving side
Went her sharp, little milk-white teeth.

She spoke not a word till all was gone,
Then she cried in a joyous tone:
"I've eaten it, cloth and all, mamma,
Now, what shall I do with the bone?"
—*Eleanor A. Hunter in Our Little Men and Women.*

HONEST BIG-EARS.

The drollest citizen of New Mexico is the sober, slow-going burro—the dwarf donkey, familiar and dear to all parts of Spanish-America. He is smaller than the tiniest Shetland pony; and though he sells for far less—twelve dollars is a high price for a trained burro—he is really worth far more. Owlish and clumsy as he looks, he is one of the most reliable and useful beasts in the world; and our desert southwest could hardly have got on at all without him. He will carry a crushing load up mountain trails so dizzy that the best horse would be of very little use on them (an Eastern horse, no use whatever), and is wonderfully sure-footed. Moreover, his fellow-citizens have a great respect for his moral qualities.

The Pueblo Indians are particularly fond of him. In every adobe-walled court-yard of their quaint villages he is to be seen of an evening, contentedly munching a wisp of straw or folded to sleep something after the fashion of a rusty jack-knife whose four blades will not *quite* shut into the handle. During the years that I lived in a Pueblo town, in one of the comfortable Indian houses and with the Indians for very true friends, I also came to regard Mr. Burro as a very good neighbor, except when he took a notion to sing at night. His voice is not exactly soft—as you may have noticed of other donkeys, and the only song he knows is "Haw-ee-eeh." So one does not always appreciate his efforts at a serenade. Still, I have heard other folks try to sing who couldn't; so I can forgive him.

When, after the Indians had come to trust me, I was at last admitted to their story-tellings, I was greatly interested in the strange fairy tales which the old men taught the boys, of a winter's night. The fox, the coyote (or prairie-wolf), the bear, badger, beaver, eagle, and other beasts and birds figured in no end of stories; but there seemed to be nothing about the burro. This was not entirely strange, because—like the horse, and cow, and dog, and cat—the burro was brought to America by the brave Spaniards, and was not native here. Most of the Pueblo fairy stories were made even before that wonderful conquest of three hundred and fifty years ago, and therefore tell only of animals that were already here.

But at last wrinkled old Patricio told me a story of the burro; and here it is, just as he told it—except that I have turned it into English from the strange language that he spoke:

Once on a time Boo-roo-deh* was sent by his master to a town far beyond the Eagle Feather mountain. It was the time when all must work in their fields, so the man could not go himself, but he said to the burro:

"Burro friend, in Shum-nac is one who owes me so many cheeses of the milk of the goat; and since I cannot leave my garden, go thou and ask for what is mine. And bring them to me with care, for they are worth much."

So Boo-roo-deh started, carrying upon his saddle a very large bag for the cheeses. Three suns he traveled, going over the mountain, and came at once to Shum-nac.

"But how shall I give so many cheeses to a four-foot who comes without a man?" thought he who was owing. "For either he will eat them or drop them by the way."

"You should not think so, Man-friend," answered the burro aloud—for you must know that in those days all the animals could talk like people. "Only tie the cheeses very carefully in the bag upon my back, and I will carry them."

So the man did; and Boo-roo-deh started from home slowly, for he was heavy with the load. He walked till night, and then lay down and slept under his burden, for there was no one to help him off with it.

In the morning he went on until he came into the pine woods of the mountains, where the path was very narrow. Before long a coyote came running up beside him, speaking very politely and saying:

"Ah, Burro-friend, I am sorry to see you with so great a load. Where are you carrying so many cheeses?" For he smelled them in the bag and was hungry for them.

"I take them to my master in the Town of the Red Earth," answered the burro, not stopping.

"Oh, yes," said the prairie-wolf, "I know that town very well. That is where they have so many chickens. I will go along and help you. Come, give me part of your load to carry."

Now, the bag was very heavy on Boo-roo-deh's back, and his legs ached. But he thought: "No, for my master sent me and not this one." And he said aloud: "Thank you, Coyote-friend, but I will carry them."

"At least, give me one cheese to eat," said the coyote. "For my family is very hungry, and there is nothing in the house since two days. Your master will not miss one cheese."

"I am sorry for your family," answered Boo-roo-deh, "and if these were mine you could have one. But as they are not, you will have to ask my master," and he kept walking on.

"Then you are very foolish, for he would never know; and if you would give me one I would go along and help you take off the saddle, so you could rest sometimes; but because you are so stupid, good-bye."

Saying this, the coyote went off; but when he was hidden by the trees he turned and ran ahead and waited in a bush. Soon Boo-roo-deh came along, groaning with weariness, and the coyote, coming behind him very quietly, cut the bag with his teeth, took out a cheese, and ran away.

Big-Ears kept going home, not knowing what had been done; but when his master had taken off the load and counted, he said:

"Where is the other? I told you to be very careful, and here is a cheese missing."

Boo-roo-deh rubbed his ear with his foot, to think. "Oho!" he said. "I think it was Too-whay-deh* who did it; for he came to me asking for cheese, and I saw no one else; but I will catch him."

"Go, then, and bring him, or you shall pay me for this cheese."

So Big-Ears went a day into the mountains, looking this way and that way. At last he found the house of the coyote, and falling down in front of it, he shut his eyes and opened his mouth as if dead.

In a little while the old coyote-woman came to the door, and seeing this, she called loudly:

"Old man! Come out! For here is a Big-Ears dead at our door, and now we will have meat enough."

At this the coyote came out, very glad, sharpening his knife to cut up the meat, but his wife stopped him, saying:

"You never think of me! You know I like the liver best. Get it for me this very now!"

"It is well," answered the coyote, "I will get it first," and he started to crawl into the open mouth to get the liver. But at that Big-Ears shut his mouth suddenly, catching Too-whay-deh by the nose, and, jumping up, went running home with him.

"Ho!" said the master. "This is, indeed, the thief, for his breath still smells of cheese. You have done well; so, go to the fields, eat and rest."

So he killed the coyote, and gave very much hay to honest Big-Ears. And it is because of this that the coyote and burro are enemies to this day, and the coyote is afraid.—*The Watchman.*

*The burro.

*The prairie wolf.

The Germans call a thimble a "finger-hat," which it certainly is, and a grasshopper a "hay-horse." A glove with them is a "hand-shoe," showing evidently that they wore shoes before gloves. Poultry is "feather cattle," whilst the names for the well-known substances oxygen and hydrogen are in their language "sour stuff" and "water stuff." The French, strange to say, have no verb "to stand," nor can a Frenchman speak of "kicking" any one. The nearest approach a Frenchman makes to it in his politeness is to threaten to "blow with his foot"—the same thing to the recipient in either case, but it seems to want the directness, the energy, of our "kick"—neither has he any word for "baby," or for "home" or "comfort." The terms "upstairs" and "downstairs" are also unknown in French. The Hindoos are said to have no word for "friend." The Italians have no equivalent for "humility."—*Indian Witness.*

First Boy—"You ought to come to the concert our music teacher is goin' to give."

Second Boy—"You goin' to be in it?"

"Yep. I am one of the primmer donnas. We are goin' to give a cantata."

"Wot's that?"

"Oh, it's all about sunshine, and storms, and picnics, and harvesters, and all sorts of country things. It's great."

"Do you sing all that?"

"N—o. I'm only in the first scene: 'Early Mornin' on th' Farm.'"

"What do you do?"

"I crow."—*New York Observer.*

Teacher (to the new pupil)—What is your last name, my little man?

New Pupil—Tommy.

Teacher—What is your full name?

New Pupil—Tommy Jones.

Teacher—Then Jones is your last name?

Tommy—No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Jones, and they didn't give me the other name for a month afterwards.—*Brooklyn Life.*

India has an 1,800-mile wagon road.

THE SKEPTIC AND THE ITALIAN GIRL.

She sat behind her neatly-arranged fruit-stand—a girl of fourteen—absorbed in reading the Bible. She did not hear the footsteps of a gentleman who was passing by, and was startled by his question: "What are you reading that interests you so much?"

She timidly replied, "The Word of God."

"Who told you that the Bible is the Word of God?" he inquired.

"God told me himself," she replied with child-like innocence.

"God told you! Impossible! How did he tell you? You have never seen him nor talked with him. How then could he tell you that the Bible is his Word?"

For a few seconds the girl seemed confused, and was silent. The man, who was a skeptic, and took delight in undermining the faith of people in the Scriptures, felt confident that he had confounded the simple-hearted girl. She soon recovered herself, and her ready wit came to her aid. There was a flash in her dark eyes as she asked, "Sir, who told you there is a sun yonder in the blue sky above us?"

"Who told me?" said the man, smiling somewhat contemptuously, for he fancied that the girl was trying to hide her ignorance under an irrelevant question—"Who told me? Nobody; I don't need to be told. The sun tells this about itself. It warms me, and I love its light; that is telling enough."

"Sir," cried the girl with intense earnestness, as she stood before him with clasped hands, "you have put it right for both Bible and sun. That is the way God tells me this is his book. I read it, and it warms my heart and gives me light. I love its light, and no one but God can give such light and warmth through the pages of a book. It must be his. I don't want more telling; that's telling enough, sir. As sure as the sun is in heaven, so sure is God shining through this book."

The skeptic was abashed. The earnest faith of the young fruit-seller amazed him. He could adroitly insinuate doubts into the minds of those who have only given an intellectual assent to the truth that the Bible is God's book, but the girl's heart experience of the power of God's Word was an evidence he could not shake.—*Indian Witness.*

THE LITTLE ARBUTUS.

Far up on the mountain a little arbutus bud was hiding away in the moss. She was very sleepy in the cold spring morning, and said to herself, "Nobody cares anything about me, and it's too cold to creep out. I'll just go to sleep. But, no, I won't; God cares; he will see me."

So, as the day passed, she pushed and pushed, while the great sun shone down brightly to encourage her efforts, and before noon there lay a tiny star against the dark green moss, so sweet and so fragrant.

For hours nobody passed, and she felt a little lonely, until she remembered that God saw her, and admired her loveliness, and that the pure incense of her sweet breath was very pleasant to him.

About sundown the little flower said, "I hoped that somebody would come for me; but, never mind, God loves me. I shall be happy anyway."

Just then she heard a great noise—tramp, tramp, tramp—and in a minute a horse with a white spot on her forehead came along drawing a buggy in which sat a kind-faced man. As soon as he saw the arbutus he cried:

"I must have that!"

So he got out and gathered the tiny flower and as many sister buds as he could find and went on to his home far beyond the forest.

After a long time in the darkness, the little arbutus found herself by the study lamp where she was packed in wet cotton in a box, and very early in the morning she went away in the big mail-bag, on the fast express, to cheer and comfort a sick young lady in the great metropolis.

Perhaps you are lonely and discouraged, and fancy that your work and your life is of little moment. But the poets fancy—

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air—

is all wrong. In God's creation there is no waste. He sees you, he loves you, he appreciates your every little effort, and he will tell you so some day, if you do your best.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

We asked an old colored preacher the other day how his church was getting on, and his answer was, "Mighty poor, mighty poor, brudder." We ventured to ask the trouble, and he replied: "De cieties, cieties. Dey is jist drawin' all de fatness and marrow out'en the body an' bones ob de blessed Lord's body. We can't do nuffn' widout de ciety. Dar is de Lincum Ciety, wid Sister Jones an' Brudder Brown to run it. Sister Williams mus march in front ob de Daughters of Rebecca. Den dar is de Dorcases, de Marthas, the Daughters of Ham, and the Liberian Ladies." "Well, you have the brethren to help in the church," we suggested. "No, sah, der am de Masons, de Odd Fellers, de Sons of Ham, and de Oklahoma Promise Land Pilgrims. Why, Brudder, by de time de brudders and sisters pays all de dues, an' tends all de meetins, dere is nuffin' left for Mt. Pisgah church but jist de cob. De corn has all been shelled off an' frowed to dese speckled chickens."—*Arkansas Baptist.*

TAUGHT BY AN INSECT.

It has been said that the operations of the spider suggested the art of spinning and weaving to man. That may be doubtful, but it is quite certain that, to a hint from an insect was due the invention of a machine instrumental in accomplishing one of the most stupendous works of modern times—the excavation of the Thames tunnel.

Mark Isambard Brunel, the great engineer, was standing one day, about three-quarters of a century ago, in a ship-yard, watching the movements of an animal known as the terredo navales—in English, the naval wood worm—when a brilliant thought suddenly occurred to him. He saw that this creature bored its way into the piece of wood upon which it was operating by means of a very extraordinary mechanical apparatus. Looking at the animal attentively through a microscope, he found that it was covered in front with a pair of valvular shells; that, with its foot as a purchase, it communicated a rotary motion and a forward impulse to the valves, which, acting upon the wood like a gimlet, penetrated its substance, and that as the particles of wood loosened, they passsd through a fissure in the foot, and thence through the body of the borer to its mouth, where they were expelled.

"Here," said Brunel to himself, "is the sort of thing I want. Can I reproduce it in an artificial form?" He forthwith set to work, and the final result of his labors, after many failures, was the famous boring shield, with which the Thames tunnel was excavated.

This story was told by Brunel himself, and there is no reason to doubt its truth. The keen observer can draw useful lessons from the humblest of the works of God.—*New York Weekly.*

Fred Grant tells us that during his last year at West Point he held the position of captain of artillery. One day the visiting officer, who happened to be his own father, held an inspection and drill. After the cadets had assembled on the parade ground, it was decided to give commands by bugle-call. The officers would then deliver them by words of mouth to the men. Fred Grant had a bad ear for music, and had never been able to master a single tune in his life, and, what was worse, had no idea of time. He therefore cried out to a comrade: "Gracious goodness! what shall I do? I can't tell the difference between the charge and the retreat." His friend advised him to change his own horse for Mazeppa, who belonged to one of his sergeants. He would carry him through. He hastily did so, watching every movement of his animal during the evolutions. When the bugle sounded forward the knowing animal advanced; and the command was accordingly given to the man. When the call for halt came, Mazeppa stood like a rock, and the proper order was issued by the officer. In this way the horse, by his ear for music, told his rider the orders of the day, and carried him safely through the complicated movements of the drill.—*Indian Witness.*

A young lady organist in a church in C—— was somewhat captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by an exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin, she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings, carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop."—*English Independent.*

The Day of God.

Thy kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray,
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

The day in whose clear shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed.

When Knowledge hand-in-hand with Peace
Shall walk the earth abroad—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps.
What seem to us but funeral tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
—*Longfellow.*

England's army costs $85,000,000 a year.

Love God and thy neighbor.

A little girl read a composition before the minister. The subject, "A Cow." She wove in this complimentary sentence—"A cow is the most useful animal in the world except the preacher."

Little Arthur was snuggled up on mamma's lap. He said: "Mamma, where did they buy you?" "I don't know. Why?" "They got a mighty good one."

Established in 1858.
M. B. MORAGHAN,
Importer, Planter and
Wholesale Oyster Dealer
OYSTER BEDS AT MILLBRAE, CAL.
Special rates on large orders. Supply all the leading families and steamships. All oysters retailed at wholesale prices.
Stalls 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, and 47, 48, California Market
San Francisco, Cal.

W. R. SUMMERHAYES,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
No. 4 SIXTH STREET, S. F
Near Market St.
Watches cleaned, $1; Man Springs, $1. All work warranted. Fine watch and jewelry repairing a specialty.

STEARNS'
Celebrated Cough Candy. *Sure cure in almost every case. Nothing like it. Works like a charm.*
Stearns' Candy Kitchen:
1006 MARKET ST., opp. Fifth St.

CRYSTAL BATHS.
Physicians recommend the Crystal hot sea-water tub and swimming baths, foot of Mason street, terminus of all North Beach cars. John Farnham, Manager

NEW ENGLAND SOAP CO.
FISHBECK & GLOOTZ, Prop's.
307 Sacramento St., San Francisco

Manufacturers of Laundry and Toilet Soaps. Our celebrated Queen Lily Soap has now been on the market for twenty-three years. It recommends itself for washing tidies, window curtains, flannel goods—in fact, for anything valuable it has no equal. Give it a trial, if you have not done so already.

Geo. H. Fuller Desk
COMPANY
Sole Pacific Coast Agents.
Also Manufacturers of Bank, Office and Lodge Furniture.
638 & 640 Mission St. - San Francisco
Seating plans and estimates furnished.

The Remington Typewriter

Accuracy in spelling, grammar, composition, etc., habitual neatness of work, close observation, and the use of terse and vigorous language, are promoted by the writing machine better than by any other means.
The Simplicity of Design and Excellence of Construction of the REMINGTON make it unrivaled for general use.
Call and examine latest improvements, or address for Illustrated Catalogue,
G. G. WICKSON & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO: 3 and 5 Front Street. LOS ANGELES: 221 S. Broadway.
PORTLAND: 249 Stark Street

HOFFMAN H-O-U-S-E

Readers of THE PACIFIC will find a congenial home in the HOFFMAN HOUSE, whose equipments and accessories are unexcelled at any price in
LOS ANGELES.
$2 and $2.50 per day.
ARTHUR E. BIDDLE, Chief Clerk. T. W. STROBRIDGE, Proprietor.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.
CARPETS, FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY.
Everything in these lines with which to furnish a home completely.
Special Prices to Churches and Sunday Schools.
641 to 647 Market Street.

PACIFIC COAST HEADQUARTERS
Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society
PILGRIM SERIES FOR TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY
735 Market St., San Francisco.
GEORGE WALKER, MANAGER

HEALD'S Business College,
THE POPULAR SCHOOL OF THE PACIFIC COAST.
18—REGULAR TEACHERS—18
425 Graduates Placed in Positions During the Last Two Years.
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING A SPECIALTY.
For Catalogues and Circulars, address
HEALD'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, 24 Post St, San Francisco.

Home Circle.

Hard Times.

The times are hard, and hunger and cold
Threaten and growl at many a door;
The wolf's long cry is fierce and bold,
Borne on the sullen night wind's roar.
But this is the hour for courage, love,
For daring the foe with nerve and skill,
Meeting our care in the strength of prayer,
And waiting and working with steady will.

We greet each other with cheery signs
As we set our battle in brave array;
Closer we draw the household lines,
And gallantly meet each dawning day.
Now and then, as the dark clouds rift,
We catch a glimpse of the sun on high,
And heartened, together a song we lift—
There's always blue in the upper sky.

The times are hard, but the children play,
And we tuck them under the coverlet
When we reach the end of each struggling day,
And the stars in heaven for lamps are set.
Then, love, we look in each other's eyes
And the kindling light of triumph see,
Oh! what does it matter that times are hard
When I have you, love, and you have me?

—*Elizabeth Chisholm, in Harper's Bazar.*

LOVE ON THE BEAVER.

BY KATHIE.

I never could understand why, when a woman decides it is best to remain unmarried, her friends unanimously say: "It is not her fault, poor thing! she probably never had an offer"; but when a man reaches the shady side of forty without a wife, these same friends say: "Poor fellow! I suppose he never found any one to suit him." This is only a drop in the ocean of injustice done to women, but to me it is a very bitter drop.

When I look in the glass I see before me a face that certainly shows every sign of being past the meridian of life. Hair streaked with gray—for I have long since given up the practice of pulling out the white hairs, lest a worse fate—that of perfect baldness—should overtake me. Teeth that shine with a too perfect dazzle of whiteness, and features that have a look of self-control and determination stamped upon them by long years of teaching and battling for a living. These lines are ineffaceable, and are only redeemed by the fact that the owner is plump and jolly, and, in spite of recent circumstances, still believes it is better to be able to laugh because she is not married than to be unable to do so because she is. But even I have had a late romance that goes far to prove the old saw, "There never was a goose so gray," etc.

To commence at the beginning, perhaps you have never been in Colorado. If you haven't, you have missed a great deal, and though I hope you will not go as I did—as a health seeker—I can wish you nothing pleasanter than a few weeks' sojourn under her pleasant skies. The first glimpses may be anything but inspiriting, there are so many deserted homes. And no houses go so speedily to decay as sod houses. There is nothing at all picturesque about them either. The doors and windows are either taken along when the discouraged homesteader turns his face to the East, or they are speedily taken away by the first passer-by, and, almost before the sod walls have settled, the cactus begins to cover them over. There is, too, an indescribable loneliness in her vast prairies.

However, the bracing air, blue skies, cool nights, and the robust health that speedily came to me, made up to me for all the loneliness, and at the end of two months I had resolved to teach a term of school in a sod schoolhouse, and thus earn money for a longer sojourn in her borders. The novelty rather appealed to me, and—shall I confess it? a certain interest in a ranch owner close by helped to make the outlook attractive.

My school, which had some little hand in forwarding my romance, was composed of the children of my host, and those of one other family, so my duties were not arduous. It served rather as a pretext for a long stay than for any great good it accomplished.

Up to the beginning of my school, however, my romance had made but little headway. I am fain to confess that there is very little to inspire romance in the region of the Beaver. A stream, without trees, that cuts through the country like a canal, which is dry or muddy in the bottom three-fourths of the year, and full to its brim of turbulent yellow water the remaining fourth, is not a pleasant place for would-be lovers to wander, neither can you sit pleasantly on its banks in the rays of the hot sun, even under an umbrella. And to walk through acres of prickly cactus and short buffalo grass, with now and then a glimpse of the poisonous centipede and the occasional swift-gliding snake or lizard, has not the attraction for a nervous woman who weighs somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy pounds that it might have for young, slight girls, even though the reward of a few sweet words might be at the end of it.

So thus far my acquaintanceship with the hero of my sketch had been confined to sitting in the cool of the evening in front of the sod-house, watching the stars come out, one by one, and listening to the sharp, quick bark of the prairie dogs, and the long, mournful howling of the wolves. I cannot explain what deep intuition told me that I was the attraction, for to be strictly truthful, he always asked for buttermilk or eggs, these commodities being scarce enough to necessitate almost daily trips. But I knew by some secret process of the soul that he wanted me, and me only.

How it made my heart beat to see him coming across the prairie on his wiry little pony. I could tell him far away, partly by the beating of my heart, and partly by the inevitable tin pail which he always carried.

To my mind, there was something just as fine and romantic in the glare and glitter of the sun on his tin pail as ever flashed on the helmet and lance of any proud knight. When I ventured to express my sentiments in this regard to the nineteen-year-old daughter of my host, she straightway went off into convulsions of laughter, and could hardly control her risibles long enough to calculate the price of two dozen eggs at twenty-five cents per dozen. It is a great misfortune to be born like Grace Ellison, without a grain of sentiment or poetry in one's soul.

The fact that I have not yet described my hero must be taken as evidence that I am not skillful in writing romances. A pen that has been chiefly used in making out examination papers, or monthly school reports, lends itself but stubbornly to love scenes. The ridicule of the above mentioned Grace might also keep me silent, but that as a faithful chronicler I will omit nothing.

That he was tall and well-made, as a plainsman should be, that he wore a sombrero, that he had eyes made keen by constant searching of wide prairies, that he was rather shy and silent in his love-making, were points is his favor. That he wore blue overalls, that his grammar was deficient, that his conversation was rather overloaded with slang phrases, that he constantly carried about his clothes the woolly scent from his flock, so much that I had constantly to put his chair to windward, were points that I thought could be overcome. As to his age, I never questioned him, although this was to Grace a subject of constant ridicule. She even went so far as to call him the "Aged Patriarch of the Beaver."

With the beginning of school, however, there came a change. Not a change in the landscape, for that had long been as brown as summer sun could burn it, and the short-lived cactus blooms had long ago faded and left the prairies more desolate. The change was in our romance. In place of the evenings in front of the sod house, which we now had to abandon, as the nights come on cold rapidly at this season of the year, we had almost daily walks from the schoolhouse. True, he came ostensibly in his capacity of school trustee, and we were accompanied home by the six children of my host, the above-mentioned Grace going always on ahead, yet these walks remain indelibly stamped on my memory. The clear, cold wind, the blue sky, the happy laugh of the children, the almost girlish light-heartedness which came to me from the knowledge that, for the first time in my life, I was getting forty dollars a month and not earning it, and also the exhilaration of having him by my side, still come back to me like a pleasant dream. Even yet the smell of roast mutton, greeting me unexpectedly in the hall of the boarding-house I called home, brings back with overpowering force the odors from the little sod kitchen which greeted us as we came quickly across the Colorado prairies.

It was during one of these walks that he confided to me the awful lonesomeness of life on a sheep ranch with no woman to see to things. Poor fellow! If I had but held out a little encouragement then, I might have now been the mistress of a hundred hills and ten thousand sheep. But with a waywardness for which I cannot now account, I wilfully changed the subject to the price of wool in Denver. This lasted us until we reached home, and the original subject was never renewed. How could I so wantonly trifle with his affections.

I now approach what I suppose is the climax of my romance. At least, it ended it. My school was drawing to a close. The walks were getting too cold to be comfortable. The sheep were brought in nightly from the hills, and it had become a settled custom for all of us to go out and watch them put in the fold. There was one old fellow with shaggy head and curling horns that Grace mischievously pointed out to me as "Patriarch of the Beaver, number two." He evidently ruled the ranch. I am not a believer in presentiments, but there was something sinister-looking about this sheep that caused the chills to run down my back. He lowered his head at me so menacingly, his huge horns looked so formidable and his eye was fixed on me with such an evil glare that, had I believed in the transmigration of souls, I should have declared him possessed by that of my worst enemy. My nervousness at his approach was so extreme that I could not be persuaded to go near the flock, but, after being helped, rather laboriously, to the top of an old sod milkhouse, would sit alone and watch the coming in of the sheep. And, truly, of all the beautiful scenes of the prairie this was the most beautiful, and I never tired of it. The long line of white coming over the hills between me and the sunset, the sedate movements of the older sheep, the play of the lambs and even their noise never lost its charm.

Then, too, I loved to watch my lover—for so I called him to myself—fling back the gates of the fold and let the sheep go in. On one never-to-be-forgotten night, as he thus stood at the gate, my old sheep came up with a particularly vicious look and a belligerant lowering of the head. He stood at the head of the line, and when the gate was open made a savage dash forward, and, presto! my hero lay sprawling on the ground, while one by one the startled flock were jumping over him into the fold. Over they went by the hundred, and then by the thousand, giving the fallen man no chance at all to rise. It was all like some horrible, fevered dream to me, and I sent forth shriek after shriek in terror. But Grace, I blush to record it, laughed. Oh! how she laughed, until the tears ran down her cheeks. How could she so wantonly wound that noble heart! It was not until the last of the thousands went over that he could venture to rise. When he did he closed the fold with a savage bang, and strode wrathfully off over the hills.

"He came no more." How much of sadness there is in that little sentence. Hearts may break, but it will not keep time from flying. The long ride to the station jolted the memory of my romance, somewhat, and perhaps because I am, well, not old, but no longer young, I have come to look back on this episode of my life on the Beaver with perfect tranquillity. Grace says, "A man can forgive a wound to his honor, but to his vanity, never."

This true romance was written out some time after my return from Colorado. To-day's mail brings me a newspaper clipping, and, as a true chronicler, I must, however unwillingly, insert it:

"Married, at Beaver Crossing, by the Rev. Drinkwater, Mr. James Long, otherwise known as Long Jim, to Miss Grace Ellison, eldest daughter of Bob Ellison."

So my romance is shattered. It only proves what I said in the first place, "There never was a goose so gray," etc. I suppose it was her only chance.—*The Watchman.*

EVANGELIZATION BY MAIL.

In the course of a tour in the South as a representative of the National Temperance Society, Rev. C. H. Mead conceived a novel and ingenious scheme for reaching many colored people and doing them good. While at Jacksonville, Fla., he noticed a number of them calling at the post-office to ask for letters. An old man would come to the window with an eager face, and, leaning forward, would give his name and ask if there were any letters for him. The postmaster would look over a bundle of letters and tell him there were none, and the man would turn away apparently much disappointed and shuffle away with a woe-begone expression of face. "Do these people receive many letters?" Mr. Mead asked the postmaster. "No," was the reply, "they never get any. Some of them have been calling almost every day for ten years and have never received a letter yet." "Why do they come," was the next question. "Oh, they see the white people come and they want to do as they do." Mr. Mead thought the matter over and saw his way to doing good. He obtained a list of names of these persistent seekers for correspondence, and after leaving Jacksonville, he wrote to each of them. He says he "put as much sunshine into the letters as could be crowded in," and tried to cheer the person addressed and increase his faith.

"To my surprise," says Mr. Mead, "I found in my mail, one day, a letter signed 'Perseverance Thomas,' and I instantly recognized the name as that of one of a number given me by the postmaster. The letter ran as follows:

"'My Dear Brudder: 'I's got your letter an' I's mighty glad. I's an ol' man—more'n ninety years old; wuz born a slave an' freed at de time ob de war. I caint 'rite nor read, but I's got a gran'chile dat kin do both. He read your letter to me an' now he's ritin' my letter to you. I want to tell you now how mighty glad I was to git dat letter. It dun my soul good. I's been to de postoffis ebery day fur seventeen years, a-lookin' fur dat letter. But why in de worl' didn't you 'rite befoh?

'PERSEVERANCE THOMAS.'

"When I opened that old negro's letter and read it aloud to my wife, we both cried over it," added Mr. Mead. "But I could tell you of hundreds of other instances where the writing of letters to persons I had never seen bore similar fruit. I remember another that interested us greatly. It was from an old colored woman to whom I had sent an illustrated Christian paper, and it said: 'I tuk dat paper o' yourn an' read it to de nabors and we had de children read it to de ole folks, an' den wen we all had read it, I tuk an pasted it on de wall across de cracks *to keep out de malaria.* Kin you sen' me an odder paper?'

"My experience in this unique form of evangelical work encouraged me to extend it. In visiting other towns, I made a habit of calling at the postoffice and getting lists of these old colored folks who are patiently calling and perhaps wondering why no one wrote to them. I have written thousands of letters to them. It was not much trouble, and a letter cost only two cents and it might do much good. What I was doing became known to certain people with whom I had no acquaintance whatever, and evidently commended itself to some of them, at least, for on different occasions I have received in the mail, from entire strangers, checks and money orders to assist in the work."

A consistent life is an argument which no opponent of Christianity has ever been able to answer. It is a hopeful sign of the times that the work done and the influence exerted by the laity of the Church is being more fully appreciated by "the powers that be." The time was—and not very far in the past, either—when it was thought that the responsibility for the advancement of Christ's kingdom rested almost, if not altogether, upon the shoulders of those bearing rule in the church; but in our day the work done in our Sabbath-schools, our young people's associations and missionary societies gives evidences of the educative influence of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of all Christ's followers. The present is the age of the masses.—*United Presbyterian.*

A little girl visiting Niagara with her father, and seeing the foam at the foot of the falls, exclaimed: "Pa, how much soap it must take to make such suds!"

Astor women own $3,000,000 in jewels.

Mexican teachers get $35 a month.

Household.

THIN CORNCAKE.—Mix one cup of yellow cornmeal with one-quarter of a cup of granulated sugar, one cup of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg light without separating; add to it one cup of milk and a teaspoonful of melted butter. Stir this gradually into the cornmeal. Beat well, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; turn into greased shallow tins and bake in a moderately quick oven for fifteen minutes.

TOMATO OMELET.—Beat well three eggs, a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of flour or a teaspoon of cornstarch. Add two-thirds of a cup of strained canned tomatoes. Stir well and pour into a well-buttered spider. Cover with a tin cover and set a hot griddle on this. Place where it will brown, but not burn. When the mixture has thickened, slip a pancake-turner under it, fold over, slip on a hot platter and serve at once.

Feather pillows should be washed on a bright, windy day. Fill the washtubs with hot suds, and plunge the pillows (with the feathers) in it. Put them through several waters, and then hang on the line in the open air. When perfectly dry, shake well, and they will be light, fresh and sweet.

TOMATOES FRIED IN CREAM.—this is a German dish. Fry small tomatoes in butter, first one side, then the other. When fried, salt and pepper, and then sift flour over them. Add a cup of sweet cream. Stew together until the cream is thickened, and the tomatoes cooked thoroughly.

CODFISH CAKES.—Mix one cup of boiled and mashed codfish with three cups of mashed potatoes, a small chopped onion if liked, the yolks of two eggs and a tablespoon of flour. Form into small cakes and brown on a well-buttered griddle.

RUN DOWN WITH
DYSPEPSIA
STOMACH
Liver
AND HEART
AFFECTED.
Almost in Despair
But Finally
CURED
By Taking
AYER'S PILLS

"For fifteen years, I was a great sufferer from indigestion in its worst forms. I tested the skill of many doctors, but grew worse and worse, until I became so weak I could not walk fifty yards without having to sit down and rest. My stomach, liver, and heart became affected, and I thought I would surely die. I tried Ayer's Pills and they helped me right away. I continued their use and am now entirely well. I don't know of anything that will so quickly relieve and cure the terrible suffering of dyspepsia as Ayer's Pills."—JOHN C. PRITCHARD, Brodie, Warren Co., N. C.

AYER'S PILLS
Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

OAKLAND
Kindergarten Training Class.
Third year begins August 1, 1894.
Address
GRACE EVERETT BARNARD,
1440 Franklin St., Oakland, Cal.

IRVING INSTITUTE

A Select School for Young Ladies.
Seventeenth year; 18 professors and teachers. For catalogue or information address the Principal, Rev. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A.M. 1736 Valencia street, San Francisco, Cal.

BELMONT SCHOOL
BELMONT SCHOOL, WITH WHICH HOPKINS ACADEMY HAS BEEN CONSOLIDATED, situated 25 miles south of San Francisco, prepares for any college or school of science.
It is the only school on the Coast whose graduates are admitted without examination to the University of California in all the subjects of all the courses.
The school is, in addition, accredited in advanced chemistry. It is accredited at Stanford University in all subjects on which certificates are ever accepted, and also at Cornell University.
TWENTY SCHOLARSHIPS will enable as many young men of slender means to enjoy the advantages of the school at a moderate cost.
A new and thoroughly equipped gymnasium covering 7,500 square feet; five athletic grounds, all under the direction of the present instructor in physical training at Williams College, himself a graduate of Yale.
Next term opens August 9th. Inspection invited; catalogue on application; references required.
W. T. REID, A.M. (Harvard), Head Master, Belmont, California.

PACIFIC
Theological Seminary
OAKLAND
This institution has a fine site on Thirty-fourth street, between Broadway and Telegraph avenues. The 26th year begins Sept. 4th. Classical, English and special courses provided. Open to qualified students of any Christian church; to women as well as men. Six Professors. Special instruction in Sociology. Enlarged library. The one training-school for the Congregational churches of the Pacific States. Apply to the President, Rev. J. K. McLEAN, D.D., 520 Thirteenth St., Oakland.

Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship, Telegraphy, English Branches, etc.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS
PACIFIC Business College, 320 POST ST. SAN FRANCISCO
NO VACATIONS.
Day and Evening Sessions.
T. A. ROBINSON, President

VAN NESS
YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY
1222 Pine Street, San Francisco.
Under the Ownership and Direction of
DR. S. H. WILLEY.
MRS. ANNE B. PRAY, Associate Principal
TEACHERS:
Course in English.—Miss Helen G. Bristol, Miss Maria F. Saunders, Miss Clara M. Osgood.
Department of Art.—Mrs. Sara B. Gamble.
Esthetic Physical Culture and Elocution.—Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton.
Department of French.—Mme. Cortez.
Department of Music.—Prof. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs J. E. Birmingham, Miss Florence Clark.
Courses of Lectures given by the Principal, and others invited.
Careful attention given to the cultivation of good manners in the pupils, and the development of right character.
The next school year opens August 1, 1894.

TUBBS
Cordage Company
(Founded in 1856. Incorporated April, 1889.)
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL SIZES OF
MANILA AND SISAL ROPE
BINDER TWINE, DRILLING
CABLES, WHALE LINE.
Directors—A. L. Tubbs, President; Hiram Tubbs, Vice-President; Alfred S. Tubbs, Treasurer; Austin C. Tubbs; Herman A. Tubbs. Chas. W. Kellogg, Secretary.
Nos. 611 and 613 Front Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

CANNED MILK
$5.00 CASE.
We offer a good standard quality of our own selection, and guarantee it at $1.25 per dozen. We do not handle any cheap milk. We want your trade for milk first, last and all the time.
SMITH'S CASH STORE
Jobbing Retailers,
414, 416 and 418 FRONT ST., S. F.

G. D. MAYLE,
BAKERY, CONFECTIONERY & COFFEE PARLORS.
427 MONTGOMERY ST.
TELEPHONE 5219. San Francisco

ALAMEDA UNIVERSITY ACADEMY
ALAMEDA, CAL.
Under the management of W. W. Anderson, late Principal of Hopkins Academy, assisted by J. B. Hughes, formerly English Master of Hopkins Academy.
Only teachers of known ability employed.
This is a *select* school, in which the home is as prominent a feature as the thorough instruction given.
Location very advantageous.
Sea bathing within ten minutes' walk of the school.
Circulars forwarded on application to the Principal, W. W. ANDERSON.

MILLS COLLEGE AND SEMINARY
THE OLDEST
PROTESTANT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
ON THE PACIFIC COAST.
Grants Diplomas and Confers Degrees. Rare Opportunities Offered in Music. One Hours Ride from San Francisco. Board and Tuition per Term of Twenty Weeks, $175.
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE TO
MRS C. T. MILLS, President,
MILLS COLLEGE P.O., Alameda Co., Cal.
Term begins Aug. 8, 1894.

MT. TAMALPAIS
Military :: Academy
San Rafael, Marin Co.
An "Accredited School" for Boys. Academic Staff composed of university men who have proved themselves efficient teachers. There are Classical, Literary and Scientific Courses. Instruction is thorough The Chemical and Physical Laboratories are larger and better equipped than those in any other similar school on the Coast. Graduates admitted to the State University without examination, on recommendation. The Academy has large Athletic Grounds, Tennis Courts, Swimming Bath, and a large Gymnasium with two trained instructors. Rooms are sunny; table, excellent; climate, perfect. One hour from San Francisco. Next term begins August 14th.
ARTHUR CROSBY, A.M.,
HEAD MASTER.

HOITT'S
OAK GROVE SCHOOL
MILLBRAE, SAN MATEO CO.
[NUMBER OF PUPILS LIMITED.]
A first-class home for boys Beautiful surroundings Superior instruction. The best of care. Its graduates admitted to the State University or Stanford University without examination Fall term commences August 8th. Send for catalogue and mention this paper.
IRA G. HOITT, Ph.D., Master.
(*Ex State Supt. Public Instruction.*)

OAKLAND SEMINARY
AND KINDERGARTEN,
Cor. 11th and Clay Sts., Oakland,
Is the pioneer school for young ladies in Oakland, Cal. Organized Nov. 8, 1888; reopened Jan. 6, 1890. Fall term will commence Monday, July 30, 1894. It affords superior advantages, having college educated teachers of the first order, to whom the highest prices in the State are paid. Students are prepared for Universities and Colleges in the East as well as in California. MRS. M. K. BLAKE, Principal.

PATENTS
Obtained, and all *PATENT BUSINESS* attended to for *MODERATE FEES* Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from *WASHINGTON.* Send *MODEL, DRAWING* or *PHOTO* of invention. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we make *NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.*
For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State, County, City or Town, write to C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FAIRBANKS SCALES
Coffee Mills, Trucks, Etc.
ALL SIZES.
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO
316 & 318 MARKET STREET, S. F.
For sale by all hardware dealers.

Palace Warm Salt Water Baths.
715-721 Filbert Street.
Take Market, Powell and North Beach Lines.
Large swimming tank; tub baths; forty porcelain tubs. Water pumped from the bay only at high tide, and changed daily. Everything new, clean and well ordered. Baths 25 cents.

B. M. ATCHINSON & CO.,
DEALERS IN
BUTTER
Cheese, Eggs, Lard, Hams, Bacon, Pickles, Honey and Cranberries.
Nos. 16, 17, 28 and 30 Center Market
Bet. Kearny & Dupont, Sutter & Post.
Telephone No. 1415. SAN FRANCISCO

Taber
Studio on Central Court, Exposition Grounds, Bet. Administration and Mechanic Arts Buildings. Also, 121 Post St., bet. Kearny and Grant Ave.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, Rev. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

Southern California.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: All subscriptions from Southern California will be received by the Claremont office. For information address C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, Cal. The Los Angeles Association has passed a resolution to the effect that "*one copy should be in every Congregational family.*"

WHY NOT HOME MISSIONARY EVANGELISTS?

The fact that our Home Missionary Society for Southern California has not for the past four years had under its employ and direction one or more evangelists has led the writer to communicate with three home missionary secretaries of the Eastern States; viz., Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin. Reply was received from each. Believing the letter of inquiry, the replies, and other material bearing on the matter, might be given space on the Southern California page of THE PACIFIC, I herewith send them. The letter of inquiry was as follows:

1. How many evangelists have you in your State working under the direction of the Home Mission Committee? How do they receive their appointment, and are there any at work not under the direction of yourself or Home Mission Committee?

2. What is the usual plan by which these receive their pay—by sarary, contributions, or both?

3. Generally speaking, does it seem to hasten the growth of the weaker and home missionary churches, and, hence, bring them to self-support sooner than they otherwise would, because of help received from these evangelists?

4. Does the method of employing suitable and regular evangelists by and under the direction of the Superintendent and Home Missionary Committee prove to work to the interests of the cause of home missions in the local churches, and, hence, to the cause of Christ in general, making it advisable for the promotion of Christ's kingdom spiritually, numerically and financially that one or more qualified evangelists be at work under the direction of the home missionary organization in the field of its jurisdiction?

5. Would your observation seem to lead to the conclusion that evangelistic work among the churches has a tendency to create restlessness on the part of the people, possibly resulting in a desire to have a change of pastors, such a desire resulting from the reaction following a revival service?

6. If there are any objectionable features to evangelistic aid, would you state them, and offer suggestions by which such might be overcome?

Rev. James Tompkins, D.D., of the Illinois Home Missionary Society replied as follows:

APRIL 12, 1894.

Rev. A. W. Thompson, San Jacinto.—

DEAR BROTHER:

Your inquiries of the 7th inst. are in hand. By this mail I send you some annual reports, which will answer your questions, with the exception of my opinion on two points, but will briefly answer your queries *seriatim*:

1. The Illinois Home Missionary Society employs at present three State Evangelists, who hold services in the English language, and one Scandinavian. Until near the close of 1893 a German evangelist was under commission of the Society. He was called to the pastorate of a German church, which he organized, and his place has not as yet been filled. Several times during the past few years the number of our State evangelists has been larger than this, at one time reaching six, who were preaching in the English language.

These evangelists are all under commission of the Home Missionary Society, and their work is all done under direction of the Board of Directors through the Superintendent. The appointments are made at the office of the Society, so that the whole State is taken into consideration in distributing their work.

2. There are some evangelists working "on their own hook" in this State. They make their own appointments, going to such places as are able to meet the financial and other conditions which they name. They usually work on the "union" basis. There is, now and then, a man working on this plan whom we can safely commend to such churches as we are not able to supply with our well-tried State evangelists.

3. Our evangelists have their salary stipulated in their commissions, as would any other missionary, the payment of which is guaranteed by the Society. They are expected and required to take free-will offerings in each and every place which they visit, and it is expected that pastor and evangelist will both labor to make this offering as large as possible. Sometimes the offering is small; sometimes it meets the whole expense. The larger churches usually go far beyond all expense.

4. We think the evangelistic work in this State has brought fully four times as many churches to self-support as any other line of work, and that it has been the principal means of increasing our home missionary offerings. We think its influence, directly and indirectly, has more than doubled the contributions in this State.

5. The conclusion with reference to the effect of evangelistic work on the stability of pastorates is touched upon in one of the reports which I send you. We think the work in this State has tended to lengthening the pastorates—to bind pastor and people more closely together and to bring both churches and pastors into a better position for doing their own evangelistic work.

6. You ask me to name any objectionable features. When the right men are in service I know of none. The only objectionable features we have found in this State have arisen from the employment of men not well adapted to such work as the Home Missionary Society ought to do. We have invariably, after faithfully and patiently testing the men, sought to eliminate those who were not adapted to the broad, stable and thoroughly evangelical work which we have sought to do. In some States men who have been successful in creating a deep interest and making out large reports of work are placed under appointment; men who would do good Y. M. C. A. service, or know how to conduct a meeting with all the churches in a place united in the services, and have strong testimonials from those who view only the evangelistic side of work, are sometimes appointed. Our plan in this State has been to appoint only successful pastors who are also strong evangelists. They can labor with a pastor or go with cheerful courage to a pastorless church, and adapt themselves to each and every field, and succeed wherever they go. You will see that our standard is high. We find it best to employ able and successful men, and we find it much easier to obtain the funds to pay such men than to employ the other kind, and try to raise one-half as much for their support.

I think that the above answers your questions as well as I am able. Trusting that it will prove satisfactory, especially taken in connection with the reports referred to, allow me to subscribe myself your fellow-laborer, JAMES TOMPKINS.

The following reply was received from Rev. T. O. Douglas, the Iowa Secretary:

1. The I. C. H. M. S. has in its employ two evangelists.

2. Their salaries paid by the Society, and all they collect on field turned over to the treasury.

3. I have no hesitation in saying that these evangelists do greatly strengthen the churches. They help financially, and hasten them on to self-support.

4. Interest in home missions is increased decidedly by the employment of evangelists. We are trying to get our Endeavor Societies to support one of our evangelists, and the effort is enlisting many of the societies.

5. Many churches are *enlarged* every year numerically and strengthened spiritually by the work of these evangelists.

6. I see no evidence anywhere that the work of one evangelist, under the control of the H. M. Society, has any *tendency* in the direction of making people uneasy and unsettling of ministers. Our evangelists strengthen the pastors in their fields. If they did not we would dismiss them quickly.

7. I see no objection to the employment of evangelists, except, possibly, that the ministers and churches may come to *depend* on evangelists.

It is my opinion, however, that that objection is met by the fact that as pastors see the work of the evangelists they will get into it themselves.

The following is the reply of Rev. T. G. Grassie, the Wisconsin Superintendent:

1. There are two preaching evangelists, and three who are employed and paid as singers to go with a gospel tent. They are appointed by the Home Missionary Executive Committee. There are always men who visit churches on invitation of same, and who work on their own hook so far as connection with the Home Missionary Society goes.

2. The men whom the Home Missionary Society employ secure a definite salary, which is paid through the treasury of the Society. But any church calling for their service is expected to raise as much as they can toward paying the expense. In some cases the church pays all, in some a part as small as one-fourth. We have paid an evangelist for the last eight years during which we have employed them, usually $1,000 or $1,200 a year, and traveling expenses.

3, 4. I believe our experience in Wisconsin has proved that the employment of evangelists by the Home Missionary Society has been financially expedient; spiritually, decidedly so.

5. My observation for eight years does not show that the employment of evangelists has tended to make churches desire to change pastors as a result of evangelistic meetings.

6. There certainly are in my judgment dangers in connection with evangelistic work. One is that, unless earnestly guarded against, it encourages churches and ministers to depend on the occasional coming of the State evangelist to do their converting work for them, making in some cases little or no effort themselves to make the gospel tell for salvation by the ordinary ministration of the church. Sometimes, even, a minister will not make preparation for the evangelist's coming, who finds a cold, dead, stupid church, with minister to match, expecting to have their work done for them.

Another great danger is superficial work. The preaching and singing evangelists come, and crowds turn out, are moved somewhat, sign cards, and when they go away, some join the church, more don't, but relapse to where they were. Of those who join, it were better if some did not. That is a direction of dangers I say, and actually experienced evil. But, if these evils be sedulously guarded against, I am wholly of the opinion that a judicious employment of evangelists, under direction of the Home Missionary Society, is a very effective method of doing missionary work, and economical also. I advised and secured the introduction of the system in Wisconsin eight years ago, and have witnessed, on the whole, valuable results.

Secretary Tompkins also kindly sent home missionary reports, from which I make a few extracts bearing on the work of the evangelist in that State. I quote from the annual reports of 1888, 1889, 1891 and 1893, respectively. In the report for 1888 I find that there were six evangelists under the employ of the Home Missionary Society; a seventh was supported by private funds. Following a table giving the extent of their labors, I quote the following:

"A tabular statement of what they have done, could one be made, would be most encouraging. We have spoken thus particularly of the evangelistic service in our State because it has attracted the attention of such men as Dr. Pentecost, who endorses it most heartily, because it is becoming a model for the work of other denominations and other States, and because it was a new departure with us, and one upon which we entered with fear and trembling. Still our main effort has been, and always must be, to secure a permanent pastorate for all of our churches, however small and however scattered."

I quote again from the report of 1889: "Six men were under the employ of the Society—four during the entire year. "The original idea in the employment of these workers combined (*a*) special evangelistic service; (*b*) the aggressive work of a pioneer missionary; (*c*) the peculiar helpfulness of the faithful pastor.

"To evangelize communities now destitute of the gospel; form new churches where they are demanded, and build up some of our weaker churches now needing services of special aid and encouragement," is the language employed. "The real missionary idea is more fully carried out in the labor of these men than in any other line of work. They more fully and literally obey the divine command to go to needy souls everywhere, than is permitted to any other class of missionaries." "A number of churches have been led into new life and influence; several have been infused with faith and zeal to lay larger plans, and put forth more heroic, and therefore more Christian, effort to perform full duty as true churches of Jesus Christ. Some have learned new lessons as to the duties and privileges of God's stewards, and so the Lord's treasury has been replenished; some have been blessed with gracious revivals, and the addition to their number of such as are being saved; and as a result of a quiet and powerful series of meetings in different communities churches have been organized, which have started at once into the active service of Christ. It is impossible to tabulate the labors, or the results of labors, performed through this channel. All of our pastors at large shrink from the responsibility of enumerating the number of souls converted, or the beneficial effects of any line of labors performed. To those who estimate this work, not by the reports of the laborers, but by the new life and added strength manifested in the churches and communities, and the rich fruitage of the higher spiritual life thus attained, this work appears to be one on which God has set the seal of his approval.

"We have learned that many a church which thought it needed financial help in order to carry on its services, in reality needed more true piety. With increased faith, and zeal, and consecration, there come naturally and of necessity increased offerings for support of the Lord's work; and as those outside the church have seen the new energy and devotion, they have said: 'These Christians are attending to their business; let us take hold and help forward the good work,' and thus a new rivulet has flowed in, and added momentum to the stream."

Here follows a statement regarding the work in Southern Illinois: "Each church has received one or more visits from a State evangelist. The manifest development has been gratifying. Several of the churches have received quite an accession of members, and the original membership has shown a growth in Christian graces and practical godliness that gives new evidence to the divine power of the 'old, old story of redeeming love.' The fact that the Southern Association has increased its home missionary offerings two hundred per cent. is one gratifying result."

I now quote from Evangelist Purdue in an address before one of the Associations. He says: "In Pulaski county we have six churches, making us the strongest denomination in the county. Indeed, I think we are stronger than all other Protestant denominations combined. All this has been accomplished through our Home Missionary Society, in the short space of three years."

I next quote from 1891 report, and under the head "State Evangelists, or Pastors at Large." "Four men have been under commission for the entire year. No one has been employed for a shorter period. In carrying out the general plan of operations to enlarge and strengthen the churches already established, the aim has been to send these laborers mainly to churches now needing services of special aid and encouragement.

"As the financial year opened with a troublesome and alarming debt, it was deemed wise also to respond to the calls from the larger churches for evangelistic assistance. Such churches have responded with a thank offering that is a credit to them, and a great help to the work of the Society." The main work of our evangelists have been with churches needing special aid and encouragement. In most cases the church heartily co-operated with the evangelist, and a blessed work has been the result. During eight years' labor of Evangelist Wyckoff, under commission of the Home Missionary Society, he collected in cash $7,000, which does not include annual pledges and extra offerings, referred to in another place. The last quotation which I make is from a report of 1893, under the head of "State Evangelists, or Pastors at Large":

"By special request we present this year a more minute report of the evangelistic department of our work than usual. This service is varied. It touches with helpful hands all other lines of work and influence. Destitute places are reached, discouraged and weak churches strengthened, disheartened pastors encouraged, and stronger churches enlarged and brought into more hearty sympathy with the Home Missionary Society. Some pastors ask for the help of an evangelist, with the intention of making the result of the meetings a test as to their remaining with the churches which they serve. If the work is successful, the church revived and united, they will remain; if not, they will resign. In fifteen cases of this kind, during the past year, ten pastors remained on their fields. In the other five, though a fairly good work was accomplished, the pastors still thought it best to seek work elsewhere.

"As our home missionary work is largely increased by the constant changing of pastors, this one result is no small gain. Some conscientious ministers, having determined to change their fields of labor, ask for an evangelist to aid in putting matters in the best possible condition before they leave, that the churches may be able to secure and sustain able pastors. In one case of this kind the pastor remained much longer than he intended, and worked with the evangelist on his double field until the harvest was gathered, and a new pastor was ready to take the work. The church officers thought that this united service of their old pastor, and the evangelist saved the two churches from dissolution. Sometimes the request for the services of these laborers is accompanied with the statement that a revival that shall be deep and pervasive is the only hope for the continued work, or even existence, of the church. In all such cases but one, during these years of evangelistic service, the Lord has so crowned the labors of his servants with success that the churches have been made strong to go forward with their work." Dr. Tompkins, in his private letter, says: "We think the evangelistic influence in this State, directly or indirectly, has more than doubled the contribution." Secretary Douglas says, "Interest in home missions is increased decidedly by employment of evangelists." Secretary Grassie says, "I believe the employment of evangelists by the H. M. S. has been financially expedient; spiritually, decidedly so.

In view of the experience and observation of these superintendents of the work of evangelists under the employ of the Home Missionary Committee for a period of from eight to ten years, together with extracts from Illinois reports, would it not be well for a like policy to be adopted by the Southern California Committee? Would not Congregational Christianity be advanced? Would it not be well for some member of the Committee or our Superintendent to give some reasons through the columns of THE PACIFIC why a like policy would not work equally well here. If not, why not? A. W. T.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

Reply to Rev. C. A. Huntington.

BY REV. S. BRISTOL.

THE PACIFIC of July 11th contains what purports to be a reply to my article on the "Antiquity of Man," from the pen of Rev. C. A. Huntington of Eureka. Brother Huntington makes no direct attempt to answer or overthrow any of the arguments used by me to show that the present race of men have not existed on earth over 7,000 or 8,000 years; that monuments, tradition, history, language, and the Bible unite in pointing back to a period about that far distant, when the present race began its wonderful work on earth; that beyond it there is no evidence that a being lived, like man, capable of moral character, or of worship.

Since the article was written I have received a letter from an educated man who has made geology and archeology largely the study of his life, and whose private collection of fossils exceeds that of any man I am acquainted with, and in it he writes: "You are right in your conclusion. Not a fossil has been found which disproves it." A few days since, a graduate of Yale College and Seminary, a man of wide reading, scholarship and reputation, in writing me, used this language in reference to the article: "I have read and re-read it, and consider it timely, strong and unanswerable." At least four other ministers of the gospel have said substantially the same to me personally. Was it, then, a fair designation of the article to call it, and its arguments, a mere "guess" of its author, as twice he does in his letter? I submit that the word "guess" is quite out of place as he uses it. That refers to a random cast of opinion, and not to one deliberately and carefully formed and backed by solid argument. But let me come at once to that in Brother Huntington's article which especially alarms me. Hear him. He says: "The story of the creation of the Garden of Eden, of the flood, of the burning bush, of the thunderings of Sinai, of the tower of Babel, of Samson, of Jonah, of Job, of the prodigal son, of the rich man and Lazarus, and the good Samaritan, are all inspired allegory, and all the more divinely true on that account." So, then, according to Mr. Huntington, neither of the above personages ever lived; none of the events referred to, such as the flood, the thunderings of Sinai, etc., ever occurred! They are all imaginary persons, and objects, and events. Of course, the claim that these great outlines are allegorical carries with it all the interlying facts, or supposed facts, recorded in the parts of the Bible they cover.

There is no more a righteous Abel, or wicked Cain; Eve did not sin first, and so Paul's argument for the headship of man in the family falls to the ground. No *real* Enoch walked with God 300 years, and was translated; and here poor Paul made another big mistake. No real Noah ever was, nor yet a flood, and so Peter also showed his ignorance where, in II Pet. ii: 5 he speaks so positively about them. So no Abraham ever lived, nor Lot, nor Joseph, and the story in regard to them is all a myth. Likewise are Sodom and Gomorrah, and the passage of the Red Sea, the plagues of Egypt and the journey through the wilderness. All are swept at once, by this allegorical stroke of Brother Huntington, quite off the solid land of sober facts, and consigned to the mighty sea of fancy, myth and allegory. Why not, Brother Huntington? When you have conceded the inevitableness of the statements of outline facts in the above quotations, how will you prove the verity of the interlying details? Of course, all goes by the board. Further, the Bible is one book. It all hangs together. He that denies the Old Testament must deny the New, to be consistent. He who calls the Old Testament "an allegory," needs but apply his principles of interpretation to the New Testament to conclude *that an allegory, too.* And so, then, there is left *no real* Jesus, no immaculate conception, no man of wondrous miracles, no such wonderful teacher, no Gethsemane, nor crucifixion, no rising from the dead and no ascension, nor baptism of the Holy Ghost and great commission! This, Brother Huntington, is the depot to which you are bound by the logic of your starting-point. Once allow yourself to be forced aboard that train, by the shallow arguments of the profane scientists, the infidels and higher critics (falsely so-called), and you cannot consistently stop till you reach the terrible fate outlined above. There is much more in Brother Huntington's article which I greatly regret to see. For example, "The Bible is a divinely inspired book. Its themes are too lofty and ethereal for the prosy detail of history." Is, then, the novelistic reader of literature wiser than the careful student of veritable history? What about the four histories of Jesus of Nazareth? If solid histories, *are they prosy?* So of the history of Paul's wonderful life! Again you say, "It is when we try to turn the tropes of inspired poetry into the dull details of history that we get into trouble with skeptics. We can hold no argument with them when we claim plenary inspiration of the Scriptures as a book of history." What a concession! The Church of God has held its ground against them thus for over 4,000 years, and defeated them in a thousand battles, and will do so again, on the same line, if the enemy offer them battle.

VENTURA.

If any one knows of the whereabouts of a Mr. Thomas, claiming to be a convert from Catholicism, who is soliciting aid among the churches, he will confer a favor by reporting him to Rev. John Ellis, 441 South Broadway, Los Angeles. He has children with him, and is begging their support.

THOMAS STARR KING AGAIN.

Since I quoted this writer on probation, I have met with some concessions or confessions of his as to the atonement, written before he removed from Boston to San Francisco. He said:

"While the expiatory system is venerable for its age and the long list of splendid minds which it has educated, and which are still the ornaments of the Church, it is equally imposing when we reflect upon the labors and schemes which it has quickened and generated for spreading the knowledge and power of the gospel in the world. Its advocates have felt every motive to ardent and constant zeal which the love of Christ and humanity could inspire. All the great enterprises of Christian history have been born from the influences, immediate or remote, which this vicarious theory of redemption has exercised upon the mind and heart of humanity. * * * It has linked itself with a mighty energy to the long, deeply-freighted train of human interests."

"It is to this that we owe the printing of the Bible in the Cherokee and Choctaw tongues; it was this which has sent emissaries to the Hindoos and the Hottentots to talk of Jesus in their own speech; has built chapels to the Mediator on the shores of the Columbia and the Amazon; which hung the cross as the sign of redemption in the Arctic and Antarctic sky; which has made the Andes and Himalayas echo to Trinitarian prayers, and planted the banner of the gospel on the banks of the Ganges and the Nile."

And this man could once exclaim fiercely, "Away with your blood religion!" ONEOTA.

The steamer *Gœlic*, which sailed yesterday, carried from 15,000 to 16,000 barrels of flour to Hong Kong from this port. This is the largest shipment of flour to China in a long time. For Yokohama the *Gœlic* took 2,283 cases fruit, 243 cases assorted meats, and 1,000 barrels of beef and pork

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair.
DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.